Saturday Review

DECEMBER 24, 1960 / 25¢

THE CREATIVE ARTS AND PEACE

Five Views of the Artist's Role

ARE FOREIGN FILMS BETTER?

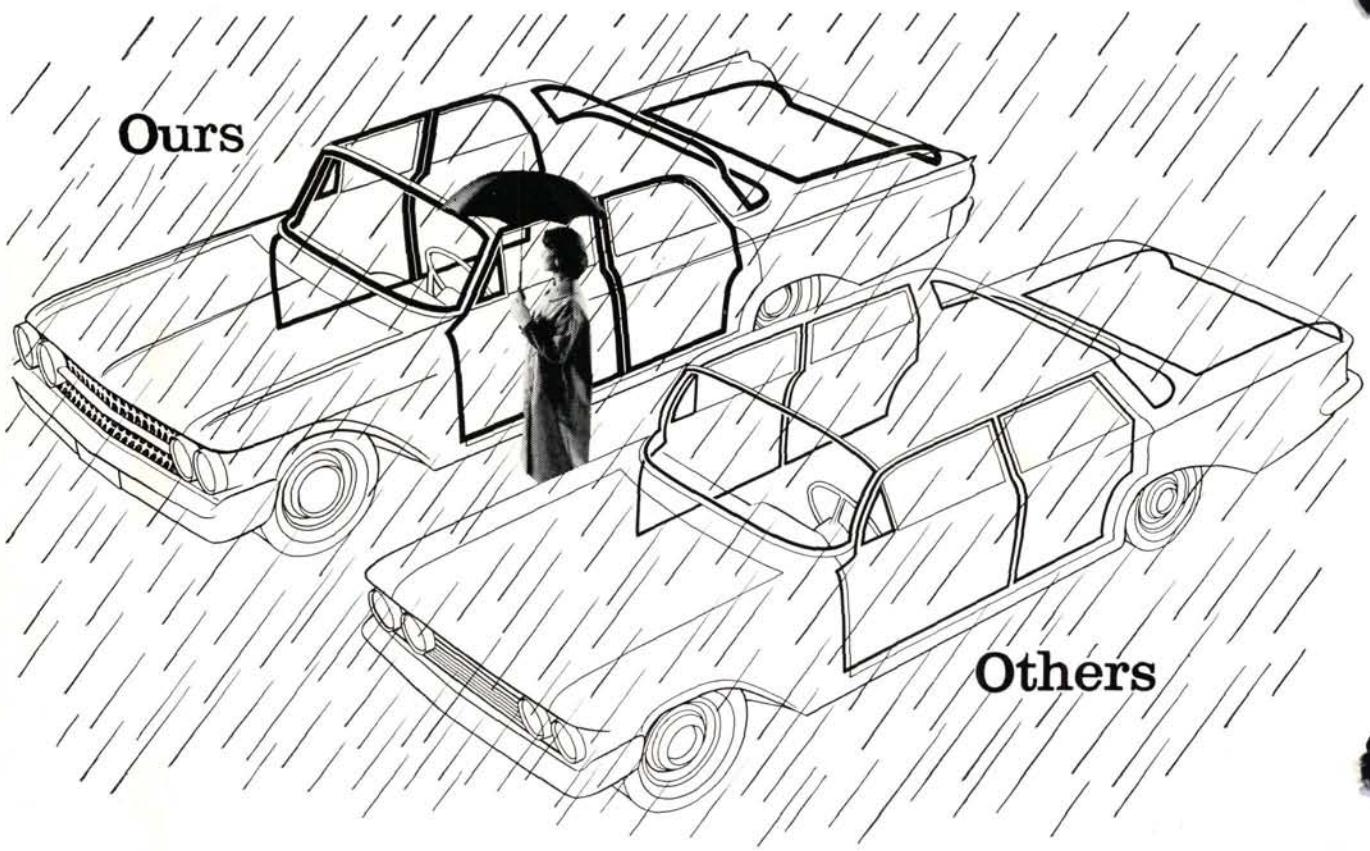
SR's Annual Movie Survey

Shanna Prokhorenko and Vladimir Ivashov, in new Soviet film "Ballad of a Soldier" (SEE MOVIES)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Which body is better sealed?



There's more rubber weather sealing in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Passengers in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are especially well protected against all kinds of weather and driving conditions. Doors and windows have more rubber weather sealing than competitive cars. Water, cold air and dust are sealed out. Interiors remain dry and comfortable.

* * *

The bodies of our cars are stronger. The doors, for example, are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter. It also means that they are less subject to distortion, thus reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip, reducing the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

* * *

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier. With more rubber body mounts in our cars, the result is a remarkably quiet ride.

Also adding to the silence of the ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars is the extra sound insulation. We use more than other manufacturers use in comparable cars. In the Mercury, for instance, we use over 65 pounds of sound and weather insulation.

* * *

The Ford Family of Fine Cars is so well built that dealers are extending '61 warranties to 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. See your dealer for the full quality story and let him show you his new warranty.

Ford Motor Company

American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

FORD · FALCON · THUNDERBIRD · COMET · MERCURY · LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHICH 3 OF THESE FIRST-RATE BOOKS DO YOU WANT FOR $1 EACH?

Have you noticed that even though most books are reviewed favorably, many prove to be disappointing once you read them? To preclude such disappointments, **The Mid-Century Book Society** offers only those books that pass what we believe to be the toughest test: Each is read and approved by America's most distinguished editorial board—Jacques Barzun, W. H. Auden, and Lionel Trilling. Their selections from the fields of biography, history, superior fiction, drama, belles lettres, and current events are reviewed **candidly** in *The Mid-Century* magazine, received free each month by **Mid-Century's** booming membership, which includes scores of people whose names you would recognize because of their own contributions to the world of culture. The marvel of **Mid-Century** is that its first-rate books can save you up to 50% or more through member's prices and free selections. **Surely there are three books below that you would want to own at only $1 each as your introduction to membership in America's most discriminating book service.**

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY

FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN by Ingmar Bergman. Miraculously transformed into literature: Smiles Of A Summer Night, The Seventh Seal, Wild Strawberries, and The Magician. $6.00

YOURS FOR $1

STRANGERS AND BROTHERS by C. P. Snow and LAUGHTER IN THE DARK by Vladimir Nabokov. (Dual Selection). Snow's novel is brilliant high tragedy. Nabokov's is cynical and far more wicked than his Lolita. $8.00

BOTH BOOKS $1

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN by James Agee and Walker Evans. An American classic, a work of true originality. Words and photographs combine to give a dark, fierce, proud, and important image of America. $6.50

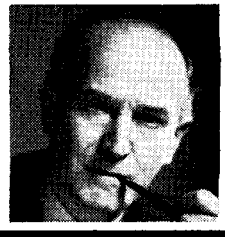
YOURS FOR $1

FOOD FOR CENTAURS by Robert Graves. The latest writings of an eccentric but unquestionable genius. A perfect introduction to his work. $4.95

YOURS FOR $1

ORIGINS by Eric Partridge. A great new reference book that is indispensable to anyone who reads and writes. A superbly made, 970-page etymological dictionary with 20,000 entries. $16.00

YOURS FOR $1

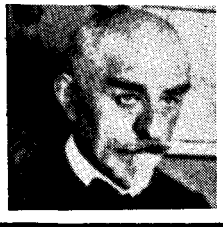


THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA by Franz Kafka and FRANZ KAFKA: A BIOGRAPHY by Max Brod. (Dual Selection). Two remarkable volumes, by and about a giant of twentieth century literature. $9.00

BOTH BOOKS $1

TWENTIETH CENTURY PARODY: AMERICAN AND BRITISH compiled by Burling Lowrey. Among the parodied: Joyce, Conrad, Faulkner, T.S. Eliot, Kerouac. Among the parodists: Beerbohm, Perelman, Thurber. $5.75

YOURS FOR $1



DOWN THERE (Là Bas) by J. K. Huysmans. Blasphemous and decadent, it dwells on a weird world of sexual abnormality, erotic mysticism, incubism, succubism, and bestiality. $5.00

YOURS FOR $1

THE END OF IDEOLOGY by Daniel Bell. Original, profound forays into our national character, status politics, work and its discontents, and crime as an American way of life. $7.50

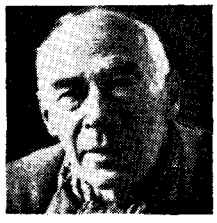
YOURS FOR $1

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT by Jacques Barzun. How intellect, the prime force in Western civilization, is being destroyed by our culture in the name of art, science, and philanthropy. $5.00

YOURS FOR $1

THE HENRY MILLER READER. American censorship has prevented many of Henry Miller's books from being published. The moral importance of his writings is acknowledged by all who have had a chance to know them. $6.50

YOURS FOR $1



LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL by Leslie Fiedler. An entertaining, major study of American literature wide in range, rich in content by a controversial, first-rate critic. $8.50

YOURS FOR $1

JUSTINE and BALTHAZAR (Dual Selection) by Lawrence Durrell. JUSTINE's epigraph is by Freud: "I am accustoming myself to the idea of regarding every sexual act as a process in which four persons are involved." $7.50

BOTH BOOKS $1

MOUNTOLIVE and CLEA (Dual Selection) by Lawrence Durrell. The third and fourth novels of the Alexandria Quartet, an extraordinary investigation of modern love. $7.90

BOTH BOOKS $1

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. Four brilliant, original novels: The Day of the Locust, Miss Lonelyhearts, The Dream Life of Balso Snell, A Cool Million. $5.00

YOURS FOR $1

CHOOSE ANY THREE SELECTIONS FOR $1 EACH

YOUR MOVE

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY S-17
115 East 31st Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of The Mid-Century Book Society. Enter my FREE subscription to *The Mid-Century* magazine (the most talked-about new literary publication in many years) and begin my membership by sending me the three selections I have listed below. I need choose only five more selections at reduced prices during the coming year. In addition, for every four selections purchased (after the first 3 books at $1 each), I will receive a fifth selection FREE.

*My three selections*_____

_____

_____

NAME_____

STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ Please charge my account and bill me for my first three selections plus the shipping expense.

☐ My check for $3 is enclosed. (Mid-Century will pay the postage.) (New York City residents please add 9c sales tax.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 24, 1960

SR/IDEAS

9 The Creative Arts and Peace
26 Jane Addams: 1860-1960, by Henry Steele Commager
28 Is a National Peace Corps Enough? A Guest Editorial by George Fersh.
43 Are Foreign Films Better?

SR/BOOKS

20 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks considers the contemporary writers negative view of America.
21 The Marvelous Life of the Buddha, by Maurice Percheron; The World of Zen, edited by Nancy Wilson Ross; This Is It, by Alan W. Watts
22 The Philosophy of C. D. Broad, edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp
23 A Tory View of the New World: An essay review by John Phillips of "Diary in America," by Captain Frederick Marryat
25 Hiroshima: Point of No Return: An essay review by Pat Frank of "The Project," by Andrew Sinclair, and "The Descent," by Gina Berriault
34 Pick of the Paperbacks
36 The Dry and Lawless Years, by Judge John H. Lyle
37 First Degree, by William M. Kunstler
37 The Jerry Giesler Story, by Jerry Giesler as told to Pete Martin; The World of Chippy Patterson, by Arthur H. Lewis; Due Process: The Story of George T. Davis, by Brad Williams
38 Gone Away: An Indian Journey, by Dom Moraes
39 The Splendor of Greece, by Robert Payne
40 I, Benedict Arnold, by Cornel Lengyel

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds
24 Literary I.Q.
29 Letters to the Editor
30 Broadway Postscript
31 Music to My Ears
32 TV and Radio
33 The Fine Arts
41 Literary Crypt
42 SR Goes to the Movies
59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1396

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLIII, No. 52. December 24, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1960 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Convention. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harper's is for people who want to stay well-informed. As our recent issues reflect, provocative subjects are our *métier*: Art, politics, people, books, religion, education, popular culture, unpopular culture. Every issue is full of surprises.

Starting a year's subscription now guarantees you a copy of our special April supplement on "The Moral Crisis in America."

A Very Exciting Offer from Harper's Magazine to Stay Well-Informed

Harper's *Magazine* *49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York* SR-1

I want to stay well-informed. Please start my Harper's subscription with the January issue that reveals "The Pressures Against Air Safety." I understand that a year's subscription (12 issues) is normally $6.00. But:

Check one

☐ I want to take advantage of your special subscription offer. Please send me the next 12 issues for only $3.87, *and bill me later.*

☐ *I want to take advantage of your special, special subscription offer. I have enclosed my check for $3.87, so please send me the next 14 issues.*

Please Print

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Please start my subscription with the February, 1961 issue.

Photos by W. Whitlock

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE NEW YORK Attorney General plans to ask some questions of Nicolas Darvas, acrobatic nightclub dancer and author of "How I Made $2,000,000 in the Stock Market," a best-seller for six months now. It seems there's a new law in New York State that lets the Attorney General look into alleged cases of fraud in giving investment advice. He claims Mr. Darvas made "only" $216,000 in the seven years covered in the book. That's $30,857.14 a year, which the Attorney General apparently believes is more like a square dance than the fancy footwork the dancer-author wrote about. An Assistant Attorney General on the case said Mr. Darvas had misrepresented some deals and had not reported all his stock trades, which would have given an "entirely different perspective to his book."

WHAT WILL THE new year bring? International Whale Watchers Week, October 21-28. WWW coincides with National Macaroni Week, which will not only stimulate interest in macaroni, spaghetti, and egg noodles but will also solve the problem of what to pack in a whale-watcher's lunch pail.

This information was supplied by Everette E. Sentman, who is merely

a week-watcher. He says that the Chief Lookout of the First Society of Whale Watchers is Gerald B. Burtnett of 5369 Kalanianaole Highway, Honolulu 16.

I LOOK FORWARD to the day when the Civil War is all written out—when the last new piece of research has been turned up, when the last diary has been wrung dry, and when the last publisher has put out the last book. Then what old war will we turn to? Well, there have been plenty of conflicts that might draw the attention of historians, but after reading "The Great Adventure" (Dutton), by Pierce G. Fredericks, I hope it'll be that one—World War I.

After all, the War of 1812 is out; we lost it. The Indian wars are out; complicated racial factors in this day and age. (I saw a TV show the other night where the Comanches were the good guys, defeating a gang of Caucasians in a battle in which the palefaces bit the dust. The mind reels!) The Revolutionary War is out; we don't want to call attention to national uprisings where the constituted authority has been overthrown by rabble rousers.

One good one is left, about which Fredericks says: "It is truly remarkable how little has been written about the American participation in the First World War. The stories about the air war had a certain vogue in the Twenties and there have been two fine dramatic works—'What Price Glory?' on the stage and 'The Big Parade' on the screen—but the general neglect is such that Hanson Baldwin, the military editor of *The New York Times*, once called it 'the forgotten war.'"

IN THE MEANTIME, however, fellows such as Richard Harwell, associate executive director of the American Library Association, continue. He is an outstanding scholar on the Civil War and the editor of "The War They Fought," published recently by Longmans, Green. This merely combines his previous "The Confederate Reader" and "The Union Reader" and shows how a chap can work both sides of the fence. Harwell's explanation for this may be contained in the following revelations sent to TRADE WINDS:

"My first appearance in literature was at the tender age of four when a neighbor of my family's in the small town of Washington, Georgia, used Richard Harwell as the name for a character in a story she published in *The American Magazine*. Unhappily, that particular character was a drunkard.

"My next excursion into the world of letters was about eight years later, through the courtesy of Agatha Christie, who had not heard of me then and I am sure, still has not. But right there in one of Miss Christie's short stories is a 'Richard Harwell.' This time I was not a drunkard but a jewel thief and, to add injury to insult, an acrobat."

The poor boy achieved a modicum of literary respectability a few years ago when, in "The Smiling Rebel," Harnett Kane had one of his minor

MOËT

The Great Champagne of France

For over 200 years, memorable moments have been celebrated with MOET Champagne. MOET comes to you from the 15-mile cellars of Maison Moet & Chandon, whose property includes the Abbey of Hautvillers—the birthplace of champagne.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y. • Importers since 1794

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characters marry "a Captain Richard Harwell of Atlanta."

So, after a fairly rough childhood, he settled down, becoming an author so that he could people his novels with Agatha Christies and Harnett Kanes, no doubt.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Peter Leavitt, who as a labor of love is making an index of the Alexandria Quartet, says that Lawrence Durrell likes the word "etiolated." He likes it so much he managed to use it once in each book.

► In a Little, Brown mailing piece headed "Important Books for the College Bookstore," one of the two dozen important books for the college reader is "Expectant Motherhood—Third Edition Revised," by Nicholas J. Eastman.

► There are a lot of good pieces in "Background and Foreground," an anthology of articles from *The New York Times Magazine*, just published by Channel. The best is by Karel Capek, written in 1926.

► A new movie, starring Mamie Van Doren, is being filmed. It's called "Sex Kittens Join the PTA."

► Tammy Grimes told an interviewer: "Reading? I love to read. Last year I read three books, at least. 'The

Rack,' 'The Gingerbread Man,' and 'Advertisements in Spite of Myself.'"

Reminded that the title of Mailer's book is "Advertisements for Myself," she replied, "I have met the author and I assure you it's 'Advertisements in Spite of Myself.'"

► Reading my crack about the Indian love song—"Whose Sari Now?"—Milton Riback asks me to stop making Sikh jokes. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1395)

F. B. Jacobs:
THE COCK AT MIDNIGHT

The cock at midnight begins to crow
For the green moonlight on the powdery snow.
For a child who may wander, all but lost
In the silver forest, the sifting frost,
Listening, seeking through ice and thorn
The kneeling cattle, the Lord just born!

ENIT

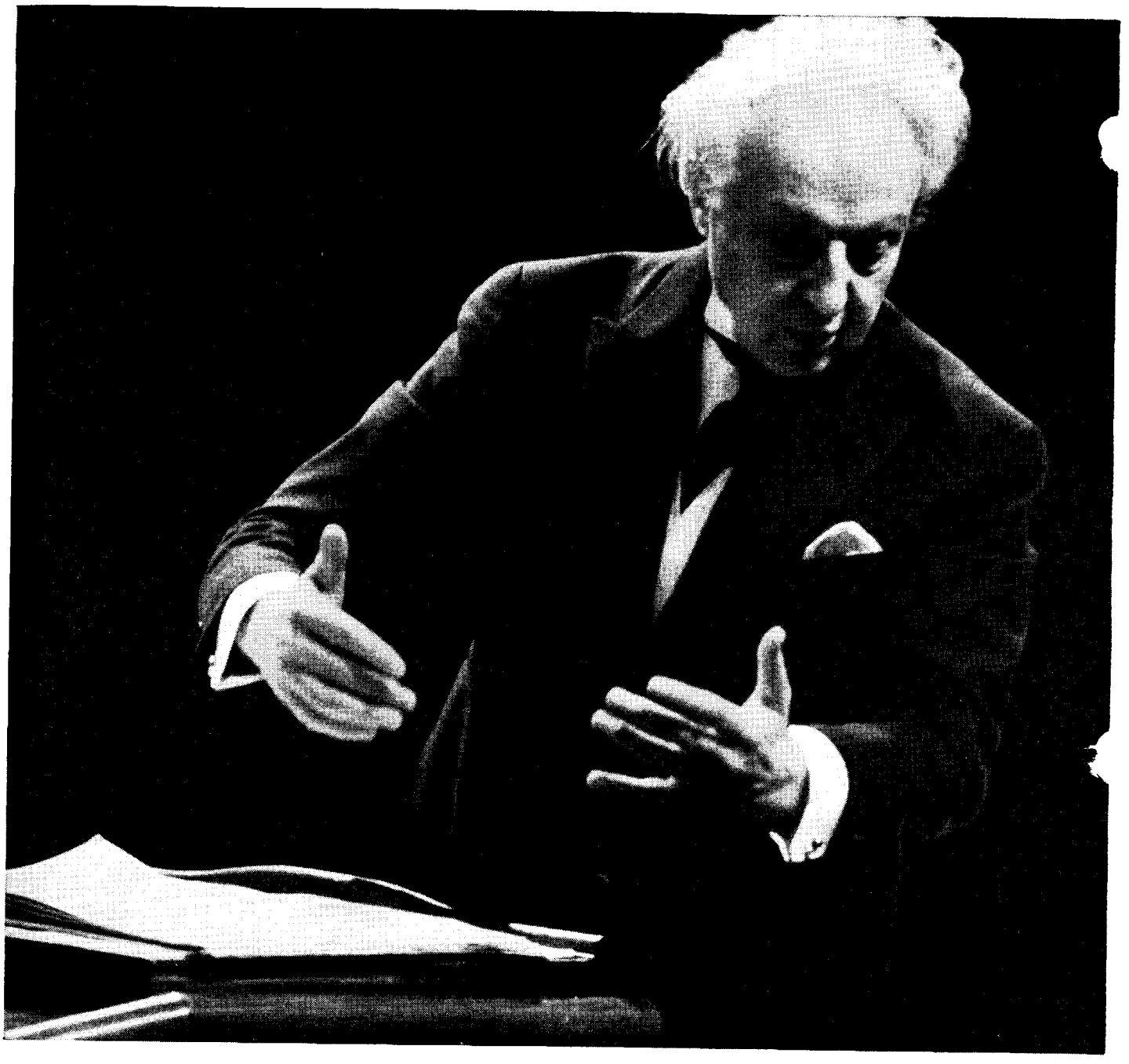
ANY SEASON IS HOLIDAY SEASON IN ITALY

Great mountains with lots of snow for winter sports . . . sunny beaches and sparkling lakes for summer relaxation . . . natural and man-made beauty everywhere . . . picturesque villages and magnificent cities . . . art collections unique in the world . . . Fashionable shops with exquisite products of the local handicraft . . . superb cuisine and delicious wines . . . a gay social life, cultural events, folklore . . . it's all there!

See your Travel Agent about the I.T.E. Plan in effect for American visitors from November 1st to March 15th, 1961. It will help you save a considerable amount of money.

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE — E.N.I.T.
Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.
Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Avenue
New Orleans: International Trade Mart
San Francisco: St. Francis Hotel

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"STIMULATING is the word for the Houston POST"

says Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Houston Symphony Orchestra

"It is thoroughly stimulating to watch a community extend the boundaries of its cultural horizons. Houston, adding to its dimensions, owes much to the POST whose editors have recognized a great city has many sides and music and the arts belong to any city responding to greatness."

THE HOUSTON POST 75th ANNIVERSARY

SPOKESMAN FOR THE GROWING SOUTHWEST

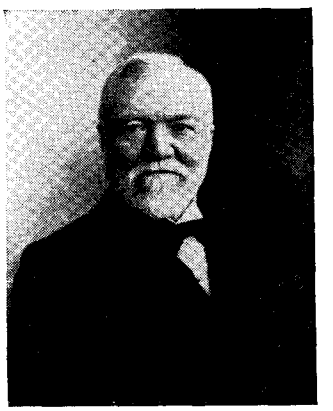
THE HOUSTON POST

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
DECEMBER 24, 1960

THE CREATIVE ARTS AND PEACE

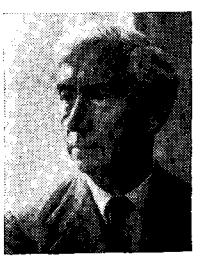
During the past five decades the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has explored with vigor and imagination the complex of factors affecting world peace. In the following pages, SR salutes the Carnegie Endowment on its fiftieth anniversary by presenting five articles dealing with a question that deeply concerns the foundation: Can the creative arts make any contribution to the cause of peace? Not unexpectedly, the four men and one woman who were invited to give their views on this question responded with articles reflecting sharply different outlooks. The contributors include Sir Herbert Read, art critic and author of "The Forms of Things Unknown"; Stuart Hampshire, professor of philosophy at London University and the author of "Thought and Action"; the American composer Lukas Foss, whose newest work, "Time-Cycle," was heard recently at Carnegie Hall; novelist Lillian Smith, whose works include "Strange Fruit"; and Thomas Hart Benton, noted American painter and the author of an autobiography, "An Artist in America." The Guest Editor of this Special Section is Nicholas Balint, a writer who specializes in subjects relating to international peace.



Andrew Carnegie—far-sighted financier.

Esthetics: Enemy of Violence?

By SIR HERBERT READ



Read

TOLSTOY, in words of deep conviction, made the claim that we must now examine: "The task of art is enormous. Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful cooperation of man which is now maintained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institution, factory inspection, and so forth—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside." And for extra emphasis he added: "It is *only* art that can accomplish this."

This conviction rests on Tolstoy's theory of art, which he regarded as a biological process ("an organ of human life") the function of which is to transmute reasonable perception into feeling. Reasonable perception, by which he meant a combination of science and religion, would free mankind from illusions (religious, social, or judicial) and establish the brotherhood of man as the only reasonable ideal. Art would then present this ideal in moving and persuasive forms. All arts are arts of persuasion: by creating images, symbols, fables they can diffuse throughout the community the best that is thought and felt by "the best members of society." In an image of utmost naïveté Tolstoy ends his essay "What Is Art?" by suggesting that the religious art of the future "will lay in the souls of men the rails along which the actions of those whom art thus educates will naturally pass."

The method recommended by Tolstoy has a suspicious resemblance to the practices of the men on Madison Avenue: art is the hidden persuader. If peace is what you want, they might say, then give us the money and in next to no time there will be a universal demand for it. Brotherly union among men is, indeed, the declared ideal of certain religious or ethical organizations that do not hesitate to make use of the wiles of the advertiser.

WE know instinctively that Tolstoy was mistaken—not in his ideals, and not in his insights, but in his theories and definitions. His definition of art is the inverse of the truth: the task of art is to transform not perception into feeling, but feeling into perception. The artist begins with feelings, and finds symbols to express them. As for science, Tolstoy admits that hitherto it has deviated from its true purpose (which should be "to demonstrate the irrationality, unprofitableness, and immorality of war and executions; or the inhumanity and harmfulness of prostitution; or the absurdity, harmfulness, and immorality of using narcotics or eating animals; or the irrationality, harmfulness and obsolescence of patriotism"). But Tolstoy nowhere explains how the purpose of science is to be changed from "producing articles of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luxury or weapons of man-destroying war" to its true purpose. His whole argument is a vicious circle, for art can cause violence to be set aside only if it is motivated by a science transformed by ethical or religious ideals. All depends on the prevalence of "a common religious perception"—which is precisely what the modern world lacks.

And yet the root of the matter is not so much in Tolstoy's polemical essays, as in his works of imagination. Tolstoy realized that there is a subtle but mysterious connection between art and violence: that they are dialectical opposites and that art and only art can eliminate violence from the heart of man.

HOW does art operate on the heart of man—or on his mind? The answer was first given by Plato. All the arts, his argument ran, are essentially harmonic—they produce their effect by rhythm, by physical waves that beat on the confused senses and induce a feeling of eudaemony or well-being. Plato anticipated Pavlov's theory of conditioned reflexes when he gave priority among the arts to group activities, choric songs and dances, and when in "The Laws" he defined a well-educated man as one who could sing and dance well. Education, he said, is "learning to feel pleasure and pain about the right things" (a definition to which Aristotle gave his unqualified approval), and in all seriousness he asserted that "the whole esthetic and moral training of the child can be brought under the heading of education in the 'choric art,' the art of song accompanied by the strains of the lyre and the movements of an appropriate *ballet d'action*" (A. E. Taylor's gloss in his introduction to "The Laws"). All the arts are forms of physical drill, but the drill is based on true canons of taste in music, on correct harmonics. If peace is your aim, then there is a harmony that will inculcate it infallibly. But if war is your aim, you must change the music.

This is a perfectly reasonable and coherent theory. Unfortunately, it has never been put to the test on a nation-wide scale. It may be objected that if it were true we should find all people who have been trained in choral music and dance exceptionally pacific in temperament, whereas they are as subject as other people to irrational passions. This may or may not be a correct generalization, but it is irrelevant to Plato's argument, which demands uniformity and universality of action. Plato was always insisting on the profound effects of environment; we are acted upon by what we see as well as by what we hear and how we move. Choric dances in an ugly environment might mitigate the bad effects of such visual misproportions; it would not prevent them. For this reason education must always be total. A well-trained élite might set a good example (which is really what Tolstoy also envisaged), but essential to Plato's theory is the belief that ideas do not change men; they are changed by physical forces only. The mind is a malleable substance, ready to be impressed for good or evil by whatever it receives through the senses. It should be overwhelmed with harmonic sights and sounds, proceeding from every quarter, "like a breeze bearing health from happy regions," so that "some influence from noble works constantly falls upon eye and ear from childhood upward, and *imperceptibly* draws them into sympathy and harmony with the beauty of reason, *whose impress they take*." And it is in the "Republic," from which this passage comes, that Plato also makes clear the communal basis of his aim. The purpose of it all is not "to make one class specially happy, but to insure the welfare of the commonwealth as a whole. By persuasion or constraint it will unite the citizens in harmony, making them share whatever benefits each class can contribute to the common good; and its purpose in forming men of that spirit was not that each should be left to go his own way, but that they should be instrumental in binding the community into one."

IT may seem a far cry from the ideal republic of Plato to the realities of a world rent by political passions and living under the immediate threat of extermination. What is the purpose of the arts in such a world? We can only affirm that the purpose is the same today as it was in the war-ridden world of Plato; and I know of no other remedy for our condition half so realistic as the education through art recommended by Plato. Men's minds must be changed; that must be the single and insistent aim of all our policies if we are to avoid mutual destruction. How is it possible to change men's minds? That is the only worth-while question. But to change them not for the moment or for an immediate advantage: to change them permanently and universally. That is the question; and the only answer we receive at present is that men's minds can and must be changed by moral suasion. I believe this is an illusion.

What is morality? It is not a state of mind but a mode of action. Our morals are not defined by what we believe but by what we do. The root word is the Latin *mos* (plural *mores*), which meant originally a way of carrying oneself, physical uprightness, traditional behavior. Mores were transmitted by custom, by the imitation of

INQUIRY FOR THE ATOMIC AGE: In observing its fiftieth-anniversary year, the Carnegie Endowment has sought to stimulate creative, constructive, and realistic thinking about the problems of working for peace with freedom and justice in the atomic age. Believing that such problems can be solved only if enough people confront them squarely, the Endowment has addressed itself not only to those who have a professional concern with international affairs, but also to the ordinary citizen. The accompanying articles testify to that belief.

From the time of Homer, creative artists have been closely concerned with war, and sometimes with peace. This fact, coupled with a consciousness of the influence that the arts have at times exerted on human affairs, convinced us that it would be worth while to examine the relationship between peace and the arts.

The subject presents a landscape that is largely unexplored. It abounds with challenging and unanswered questions. Does the creative artist, consciously or instinctively, in any way point to the resolution of the conflicts and tensions that lead to war? Does he have a special responsibility in confronting the dilemmas posed by modern man's destructive capacities? If so, should he approach these dilemmas directly, or is this merely an incidental aspect of his art? Do the answers to these questions differ with different art media? The questions are, we think, endlessly fascinating, embracing as they do the foundations of man's culture and his deepest moral and spiritual tasks. While we can hardly expect to find definitive answers here, we believe their contemplation can prove fruitful.

—JOSEPH E. JOHNSON, *President,*
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents and teachers, and there was always present a sense of personal responsibility for one's actions. Gradually, such *habits of perfection* became codified and generalized into abstractions, into *laws of conduct* to which conscious compliance was exacted—an unreal relationship. The consequence was a weakening of the bonds of traditional behavior. If man is no longer responsible to himself, but to an abstraction, he has a thousand chances to be evasive, to be weak, to be mistaken. If he acts, no longer instinctively and automatically, but by calculation and with circumspection, he tends to act ambiguously and intolerantly.

The true sense of morals was lost among the philosophers and theologians, but it is being regained by the writers of today, especially in France, which has always been a country concerned with moral conduct rather than moral codes; one has only to recall Montaigne, Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues. This realism reappears in the deeply perceptive works of Saint-Exupéry and Camus—even in Malraux, to whom art is, above all, transforming action. Saint-Exupéry is perhaps the writer who has most clearly (certainly most accessibly) expressed a philosophy of moral realism, which perhaps accounts for his enormous influence on the postwar generation in France (and his failure to make a like impression on the flabby moral tissue of the postwar generation in Great Britain and the United States): "To be human is precisely to be responsible—responsible a little for the destiny of mankind, *in the measure of his work.*" Saint-Exupéry (in "Terre des Hommes") is referring to practical work, to group action, to a responsibility not towards absolutes, but towards our neighbors, Tolstoy's brotherhood of man. There are no systems of right action, but only an instinctive uprightness, a good, because free and unselfish, behavior.

"The work of Saint-Exupéry is not an argument," writes one of his best commentators (Everett W. Knight, "Literature Considered as a Philosophy," 1957). "It is an example." Thus we return to Plato—at least, to the idea that art can have a moral effect, as action and not as persuasion. Gide once remarked that Saint-Exupéry's great discovery was that man's happiness lies not in freedom but in his acceptance of a duty. Substitute destiny or necessity for duty, and Gide's observation is a commonplace of Greek philosophy. Saint-Exupéry is saying something more original than this, something more pertinent to our contemporary dilemma. He is saying that the one thing that matters is the effect of action, of the constructive, the creative effort. "Constrain them to join in building a tower," says the desert prince to his son in "Citadelle" ("The Wisdom of the Sands"), and you shall make them like brothers. But if you would have them hate each other, throw food amongst them. . . . A civilization is built on what is required of men, not on that which is provided for them. . . . Man is, above all, he who creates. And theirs alone is brotherhood who work together."

This is a better recipe for peace than Tolstoy's muddled talk of perception and feeling, because art is conceived as action that transforms man, and neither the intelligence of science nor "reasonable religious perception" is a prerequisite for its beneficent effect. One of the many fables in "The Wisdom of the Sands" is about two gardeners who had lived and worked together for many years and were then separated, to their great distress. After many years, one of the gardeners received a letter from his friend. Full of delight and anticipating detailed news of his friend's adventures, he brought the letter to the prince and begged him to read it, "as one begs a friend to read a poem." The prince opened the letter and read: "This morning I pruned my rose trees"—and that was all. A great change befell the gardener; his peace of mind was gone; but it was not until three years later that he had a chance to reply to his friend's letter. "From now on he took to spending whole days in his room, jotting down phrases, crossing them out, starting again, sticking out his tongue the while, like a schoolboy poring over his lesson-book. He knew he had something important to say, and somehow he must transport himself . . . to his absent friend. For he had to build a bridge over the sundering gulf, and communing with the friend who was his other self, across Space and Time, make known to him his love. Thus a day came when, blushing, he came to me and showed his answer, hoping to glimpse on my face a reflection of the joy that would light up that if its recipient, and to test on me the power of his message. And when I read it, I saw these words, written in a careful yet unskilled hand—earnest as a prayer coming from the heart. *This morning I, too, pruned my rose trees. . . .*"

A simple parable, but it expresses the truth. It may remind us of the conclusion of "Candide," but Voltaire was more cynical and more resigned. *"Il faut cultiver nos jardins"* is a moral command. Saint-Exupéry means that growing roses is a constructive effort, a work like building a tower, an art; and that so long as men are joined together in creative activities, they will live at peace. The prince in the story fell silent, "musing on that essential thing I was beginning to perceive more clearly; for it was Thou, O Lord, whom they were honoring, fusing their lives together within Thee, above and beyond their rose trees, *though they knew it not.*"

THAT is the last but not the least important point to make. Our creative activities should be instinctive, habitual. The artist of today is isolated, alienated from his fellow men and from nature. The effort he makes is a conscious effort, an assertion of the self, often an angry protest against his impotency. He has this great healing power in his possession, but no one comes to him for help. He cannot act alone, even for his own salvation. His true work is communal. Other artists must be with him, working on the same project. Indeed, all men must be with him, each an artist according to his kind, all men artists participating in the work that has to be done, all work being done as art.

"Art should cause violence to be set aside." (Dancing girl and woman playing flute. "Italiotic" in Berlin.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Realism Is Not Enough

Hampshire

By STUART HAMPSHIRE

I BELIEVE that we are in a state of confusion about the place of the arts in our lives and in the life of society as a whole This is a serious matter, since we still tend to judge the quality of a civilization partly by the art that it produces. Yet we cannot say clearly why we do this. We speak of art in solemn tones, as of something that is essential and important, and yet we seem to have no clear theory of what it is and why it is essential. There is a growing tendency to look for the value of art in its social utility. I believe that this subverts the notion of human freedom, and is a reversal of the true order of dependence.

Old theories, revived, may help here. There is a long tradition of speculation upon the place of art and of poetry in human life and in the life of a society, and perhaps it is a failure in contemporary philosophy that it has allowed this tradition to die. Consequently, when we do come to discuss popular culture and mass culture, and to say why education in nonscientific subjects should be preserved and extended alongside technological and scientific education, we are at a loss, without a clear starting-point or framework of discussion. We are apt, therefore, to be subtly influenced by doctrines of social realism, which have their proper place in Communist theory, while those who cling to liberal or socialist beliefs—have no answering theory. This became painfully obvious during the controversy about Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," when there was an inclination to take official Communist criticism seriously, in a kind of confused, ashamed way, as if we half thought that great novels should indeed be politically encouraging and politically positive and should play a directly useful part in promoting civic virtues; as if we thought that disloyalty, ambiguity, and doubt, touching great themes and public affairs, are sufficient to destroy the integrity and value of a work of fiction.

We live in a political age and we tend to discuss everything from a political and sociological point of view, to ask whether we are contributing to, or disturbing, the social order. It may be useful to start with a thinker who had an extremely definite idea of what the range of politics should be, and who had a correspondingly clear idea of how the artist should fit into the well-ordered society: namely, Plato. What he conjures up in "The Republic" is a hauntingly consistent nightmare. And he was in a position to see both sides of the subject, since he was himself an artist of transcendent gifts of imagination, and intimately understood the power and danger of art. He could not dismiss it, in political philosophy, as something harmless, which had no relevance to the rest of a man's life. Therefore it may be useful to take his attack upon the poets as a starting-point. If his charges against art, his subjection of art to the necessities of politics, can be answered, we shall begin to see the elements of conflict in the contemporary world.

PLATO designed an ideal state in which every class of person had a defined function as a member of his class. Their virtues as human beings would coincide with their virtues as citizens. As in modern industrial society, though more simply, there was to be the greatest possible division of labor. Every man was to be good as a man by virtue of some contribution that he made to the social whole. So to be a good man was primarily to be a good policy-maker or to be a good soldier or a good craftsman. The point of human virtue, and of the development of human powers, was that they should keep in existence the organic state in which everyone occupied a fitting niche. Plato saw that just this idea of virtue as specialization of social function—an idea that may become unpleasantly like an actuality under modern conditions—excludes the artist, or rather excludes the inspired poet. Plato, and the Greeks generally, did not have our modern concept of the fine arts. But his criticism of poets, and of poetry as a free and inspired art, can be translated into a criticism of artists in general.

He made four definite points about poetry as an inspired art. First, he said, such an art can never be harmless, because it appeals to the lower side of our mind, to our senses, and not to our intellect. Secondly, it is concerned not with knowledge, with true propositions, but with appearances and the imitation of appearances. Thirdly, an inspired artist or poet is subversive of the social and moral order because he is versatile. He can adopt many different roles, simulate and represent many different feelings and kinds of experience. He can represent both good and evil, and he must have the arts of display and of mimicry. He must have an element of the charlatan in him, of the trickster and illusionist who takes you in with his representations. You cannot rely on him, or look for consistency of feeling and purpose in his performances. He may at any moment pass from playing one role to playing another. With his wayward inspiration he cannot easily be directed, and he is therefore subversive, a loose and destroying element in a well-knit society. Plato's point was that the impulse behind poetry is the same as the impulse that produces imitative play; but imitative play forms character. The ability to imagine and to represent in sensuous form new roles, to enter into, and to convey, different modes of feeling and states of mind, gradually corrupts those who have this ability. One cannot rely upon them to recognize firm black-and-white distinctions, or to adhere to settled principles. There is always a certain Bohemianism associated with addiction to the creative arts, a kind of moral anarchy, a tendency to see many sides of any question, a tendency toward moral ambiguity, skepticism, mockery, toward delight in display, and in doubtful experiment, and in brilliant surfaces. The overriding distinction between true and false, between real and unreal, loses its hold on those who are bewitched by the arts.

ALL this—the playing with words and stories and emotions, the playing with expressive sounds, or expressive colors and shapes—ought to be controlled and disciplined within a state which is to form and to educate its citizens perfectly. There is, therefore, according to Plato, a necessary conflict between responsible rulers and irresponsible poets. The only thing to do is to make the poet also a craftsman, who will supply the kind of fiction that society needs—the kind that will encourage the citizens in their useful work, develop loyalty and the martial virtues, that will make for moral stability and discipline. If one is serious and responsible as a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruler, one cannot leave the poets free, except on the assumption that the enjoyment of fiction, of creative art, is altogether harmless and without effect. But Plato from his own experience saw no reason to believe that it is harmless and every reason to believe the contrary. Art unavoidably forms men's habits and feeling and therefore affects the quality and stability of social life, and the whole culture. Therefore it must be responsibly controlled, as part of education, which is of course controlled by the state.

THERE will always be a doubt about the relation between art and morality; this is unavoidable and lies in the nature of things, since we are social beings, respecting habits of behavior and reality, and since we also from the beginning play and create illusions and delight to break away from rules and habits, to be surprised. But as soon as we see the perpetual conflict being resolved in one direction exclusively, we have before us a clear threat to which some reply must be found. We have to give an account of why we think that those who have no access to the irresponsible enjoyment of art and fiction have been in some way amputated and are unable to lead a full human life.

I shall cross a few thousand years, to 1795, to find an answering theory, for a theory is needed. It is surely wasteful to begin discussion with unaided common sense, discarding all that has been intelligently written in the past. There is one serious defense of the arts in the modern state that is relevant to my theme: namely, that of Schiller in his "Letters on Esthetic Education." It seems to me the most plausible of all the many speculative accounts of the place of art in human life, and it does meet Plato's challenge.

His starting point can be simply put: art is, as Kant had suggested, play, the uneconomic and free, because purposeless, exercise of all our faculties simultaneously. All our faculties here means both the intellectual and the sensuous; and the enjoyment, and the sense of the value of their free exercise, lies in the combining of that which is ordinarily separated in day-to-day thought and action. The play of the faculties has no purpose outside its own completeness. In free play both children and adults develop their own individuality as whole persons, and show their true character: for in play and fiction all their powers of perception, the so-called lower powers of mind (lower by Plato's standards), their desires and wishes, their sensuous pleasures, come to realization together and in company with the intellectual and so-called higher powers. Schiller meets Plato's points by admitting them and turning them into a defense rather than an attack. After the French Revolution and in the coming century, there would be an increasing specialization of social roles, and communication between human beings, as whole human beings, at once sensuous and intellectual, would become increasingly difficult. Able freely to communicate, as children, in their play, they would grow into their separate groups with one-sided aptitudes, and find any whole communication and self-expression difficult. Only in that kind of adult play, which is art and fiction, will they communicate across other differences as whole human beings.

Schiller foresaw that the strain of thinking in abstract terms, and particularly in scientific abstractions, would become intolerable, that men would demand some release in the use of

their powers of sensuous discrimination and enjoyment. Only by introducing them to the kind of visual art which is serious art, could men be restored to the full play of their powers of perception. Popular illustration and inferior art could never have the same value, because, in making equivalences of external reality, they rely on the repetition of the clichés of practical life, on socially accepted and pre-formed images. They provide no shock of regained recognition of the variety and independence of objects. We perceive them only as conventional signs, because the imitation is not free imitation and does not call for any intense exercise of the senses.

It may seem that this comparison of art with play trivializes the subject. But this is surely a mistake. It is probable that the empirical evidence, the evidence of psychology, as far as it is available, supports this speculative link between them. Genetically—that is, in terms of the development of the individual—and in terms of what we count as art, the link is a very close one.

I think it is now possible to suggest why we assume a solemn tone of voice when we speak of art; why we think that the kind of fiction and imitation which is popular entertainment fails to fulfill the need, and to take the place, of serious art. When a man has usefully worked day by day, and acted responsibly as a social being, adapting his desires to a manageable and recognized reality, he will need play and illusion, and the enjoyment of some form of fiction. And the natural way of seeking illusion is by gratifying the wishes and fantasies that are the relics of desires and interests unused in his work, and in his dealings with reality as a responsible social being. He is a specialized producer and consumer, and he is being addressed and exhorted all the time, through every medium of communication, as a producer and consumer. Some elements of his original endowment as a human being are not given free play. Is he not then a potential consumer of these imitations and illusions that will give free play to his fantasies? Why should these illusions not be deliberately supplied, like any other marketable commodity?

With diminishing millions of other people, I enjoy the routine commercial cinema, and one of the reasons I enjoy it is that it does provide, with an intelligent concentration of purpose, an empty vehicle for the projection of fantasy. At its least pretentious and most commercial, it is obviously and unashamedly non-art, and totally inoffensive when one enjoys it for what it is, and often disastrously offensive when, either by accident or design, it acquires more serious pretensions which it usually cannot realize. Typically, a commercial film provides a transparent illusion, into which we can project any personal fantasies and wish-fulfillments, without our having the smallest respect for the object in front of us, as something independent and existing in its own right, as something to be explored and understood. We know that it has been designed by men experienced in a kind of rule-of-thumb psychology to provide us with easy possibilities of identification—easy projections, easy acceptance of black-and-white distinctions. So when we emerge from the cinema, we emerge from something that is totally discontinuous with real life. Reality has not been illuminated by the fiction; we do not see anything outside that we had not seen before.

WE can contrast the type of imitation, the type of illusion-making (because the representative arts, at least, all aim at an illusion), which produces an independent, resisting object, into which we cannot immediately project our personal fantasies. Although any satisfying work of art is ambiguous in the sense that we can read different

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interpretations into it, there is always a limit to that which can be read into it as an imitation of reality. We confront an object, which, because of its hard construction and design and its clear outlines, is set aside from other objects and from its circumstances. We cannot make of it whatever we choose.

There is a school of contemporary painting, and this may be a significant fact, that sometimes appears to offend against this principle of the independence of the object: a type of abstract painting that does not resist arbitrary interpretation. That is to say, any interpretation of a painting of this type is said to be equally valid or equally invalid. It seems to me that painting at this point would be coming dangerously near to a false esthetic, because we would not derive from it that complete satisfaction that comes from the object's resistance to our fantasies. That which makes works of art both vehicles of communication and vehicles of a peculiarly nonpropositional kind of communication is that they are both clearly defined objects, in which we cannot see whatever we choose, and yet also their meaning is not detachable and translatable, for their design is not determined by rule, and therefore they do not make a definite statement, to be believed or disbelieved.

THE important difference between art and commercial entertainment lies somewhere here, in their relative resistance to fantasy and wish: and that is why we think of popular entertainment, commercially supplied, as leaving the spectator passive, with his mind and feelings operated upon by an external agency, while the enjoyment of serious works of art is an activity, one that enlarges understanding of reality.

We commonly suppose that, throughout most of human history, that which we would now call art was not distinguished within the total of human activity. We suppose a time in which these activities and enjoyments, which we would now call art, were at the center of a shared social life, and not a mere detached and private pleasure. Hegel, and many other writers, have laid much stress on the central place of art in the ancient Greek city-state, when moral and esthetic categories were not distinguished, and the average Athenian citizen of the fifth century allegedly saw the works of art that surrounded him primarily as glorifying his city. Then there was no separation between a minority culture and the main culture of the society of all the citizens. Monumental works of art, shared public objects, whether of literature or visual art, were at the center of the social life that embraced all the citizens. This historical memory, or historical dream, of the classical moment of adjustment between art and social needs recurs again and again in artists' ambitions, in successive forms of neoclassicism. And the same memory, or dream, still haunts present-day discussions of culture and society, as if the present detachment of the fine arts, and the connoisseur's private esthetic enjoyment of them, might be reversed; for the concept of the fine arts, and of pure esthetic enjoyment, is not older than the eighteenth century. Might we not therefore return to a golden age of solidarity, of monumental art and public patronage, with popular entertainment and serious art merged and indistinguishable?

This ignores the conditions of the period in which we live, in which we study history, and the history of literature and art, with extreme self-conciousness. We cannot recapture the historical naïveté which any such deliberate return to the past requires. We unavoidably think of the art of our own time as arising out of the specific social conditions of this time, as being a symptom of a certain state of society. We cannot now avoid regarding the art of any time, including our own time, as one sociological phenomenon among others. The art historians are all around us and we cannot ignore them. Many of the great creative artists of this time are themselves caught in historical allusions, find themselves in their own work reflecting on the history of art, in its relation to the present.

THE history of art forms the canons by which contemporary art is judged. And this reinforces the threat to the artist's freedom and irresponsibility and his natural ambition that his work should be of universal significance. But if works of art, in common with everything else, are to be judged, as the more crude social realists would wish, by their relevance to contemporary social problems, the absence of irresponsible experiment, of free self-discovery, will be so deadening as to make life impossible. The pressure of social conformity and social utility will be too great, and we may have more of these pathological political movements, revolutions of destruction, which the twentieth century has already seen. For these reasons it seems to me that we should not concede one inch to the claim that works of art should be judged by their social tendency. On the contrary, we should rather judge the social and economic system by the degree to which it does provide conditions (chiefly education) for an area of irresponsibility in the widespread enjoyment of independent works of art, as shared objects of common discussion. The only alternative is that the obedient citizens should be lulled by vehicles of private fantasy, centrally planned. For it is certain that men must enjoy the play of illusion and imitation in one form or another. Those who govern and have power may well prefer the second alternative, the docile consumers, and certainly their policies tend in this direction. For genuine poets or artists are, as Plato said, a subversive and unpredictable element, and a nuisance, in any well-knit society, in which every class of person knows his place and function.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Myth of Music's Universality

Lukas Foss

By LUKAS FOSS

A GREAT deal of attention has been focused recently on the importance of cultural exchange between East and West; the arts seem to play an increasingly important part in this exchange, and a great deal of fuss is made about music, the universal language, about its power to rally men, to carry the message of peace. Much music is being written with peace messages attached, and is performed publicly on numerous occasions.

As a musician, and as one who returned last spring from a trip to the Soviet Union under the auspices of the State Department, I should like to think of music in terms of carrying the "message of peace," but alas, I have come to the conclusion that music does nothing of the sort, that as a language it is not as universal as is generally believed, and that it does not and cannot carry any message effectively.

I take this negative point of view only with regard to the composition, not with regard to "musicians." The cultural exchange of musicians is a sound policy because the personality of the performer enters into the picture. His presence on the scene leads to an exchange of ideas and artistic ideals. This indeed can help foster peaceful relations. But the human-contact element does not concern me in this article. It is the work of art itself, the piece of music as a factor contributing to peace, which is under discussion here.

In the first place, I must explain why I do not share the common notion that a piece of music speaks a universal, an international language. True, late nineteenth-century music, semiclassics, and jazz seem to have a vast appeal. But the rest of music requires a particular effort on the part of the listener, a particular insight for which many people lack the necessary background, sensibility, or interest. This is true even of the nations who can claim the greatest composers. Austria starved Mozart and Schubert, and many Germans obviously lack an understanding of Bach and Beethoven, a fact borne out by the gas chambers.

Nor do contemporary musicians necessarily understand contemporary music. Nationality helps to confuse the issue. In a conversation I had with a Soviet musician I referred to Stravinsky as a Russian composer. I was told that the Russian musician thinks of him as an American: "His music speaks to us in a foreign tongue." Actually, Stravinsky's music speaks neither in a Russian nor in an American tongue, nor does it speak to all people. His later music, for example, might be said to address itself to a very special audience, to the few, the concerned, the interested. It may be worth while here to point out that contemporary Soviet music is on the whole music for the many. (I had the good fortune, though, of meeting one or two Soviet composers who were writing atonal music, lonely music, for the few. These composers showed their music only to each other. The works of these "underground" artists are of no interest to the Russian public.) Music for the few is not necessarily better or worse than that of, say, Shostakovitch, who writes what I call "music for the many." The question here is not one of judging quality but of making a distinction. Some music is written with an ear toward a wide, easier appeal; other music is not.

Which music, one may ask, is more fit to carry a message to the world? The Russians have the answer: music for the many. Hence they are convinced of the effectiveness of propagandizing ideology through the arts. May they continue to be so convinced, lest a great many musicians and artists find themselves suddenly out of jobs. I, for one, am convinced of the ineffectiveness of the arts—and of music in particular—for the purpose of conveying a message, not because the arts are too good to mix into the affairs of the world, but because they are too ineffectual.

I realize that I am in disagreement here with some of the men I admire most. Picasso says: "Art is a weapon against the enemy." The question is: What kind of a weapon? Perhaps a bow and arrow, at best, among atomic weapons. Art a winning weapon? Wishful thinking! Any ordinary movie with a good message will accomplish more, will help influence the mind, and thus stimulate more action. This is the point: a work of art is ineffectual because of its failure to stimulate action. Does love for the countryside as emanating from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony induce the listener to journey to the country? Or, more apropos, does his Ninth, with its message of brotherly love, that magnificent, absurd, intellectual, powerful, and uncouth embrace, reduce hostility among men? Did love for Goethe's poetry stop Napoleon from invading Weimar?

But music does have the power to arouse our emotions, does it not? Or are we becoming immune against this power, since we surround ourselves

—From "A Pictorial History of Music."

Jan von Ockeghem with singers—"which music . . . to carry a message to the world?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with music, day in day out, since music accompanies our daily life as a steady companion? There is music to eat by, to dream by, and to have one's teeth drilled by. Frankly, the indiscriminate use of music for the purpose of shutting out noise (or silence, for that matter) only succeeds in teaching people how *not* to listen. We are on the way to becoming unmusical and tone-deaf. But I am digressing. Let me retrace my steps. The popular argument is: If music has the power to arouse our emotions—for instance, to arouse soldiers to war—then it stands to reason that it should have the power to soothe, hence to stimulate peace. Here is a notion badly in need of investigation; the power of music to soothe, to arouse, to incite. My feeling is that music (bad music in particular) has some such power, though not enough to make it count. And even less counts the power of the thus soothed, aroused, or incited. Take the soldiers: in bygone days, wars were contests, heroic contests. Those romantic wars have totally given way to our depersonalized modern war. Today soldiers are sent to war like sheep; incited or unincited, it matters not. War is not started by martial music—and peace is not maintained by love music.

If I have labored to show music as impotent in areas in which it is commonly believed to be potent, I have done so in order to dispel a myth. For the fact is: music is poor propaganda, arouses emotions without stimulating action, and does not necessarily communicate to the people of the world.

Yet there is an area in which music and the arts can be of "service." Art, though a poor message-carrier, is in itself a message, or, better, a testimony —of man's free and searching spirit. There is a lesson in art, one that is revealed only to those who take the pain to study the arts intensely; through such study one gains, among other things, respect—for life, for the human will, for human thought. Where the arts enjoy prestige, there reverence for human life and search for truth have a chance, there art may strengthen the forces that combat disrespect for life, the forces of destruction.

Let us not forget that today, although no one wants war, we can blunder into it. By teaching art, music, science, philosophy, we educate men toward truth. In such a climate, blunders may be caught in time, exposed. The serious study of art, music, literature as an education of man may thus prove to be a factor contributing to peace.

This, I believe, is a more exact and more sober way of looking at the arts than to expect a piece of music to soothe the savage breast of wild men.

Painting and Propaganda Don't Mix

By THOMAS HART BENTON

Benton

CAN THE creative artist help promote peace in the world? Beyond picturing doves flying around with olive sprigs, is there anything he or his works can do to ease prevailing tensions?

All are agreed that art is a universal property. We think of the artist as one who operates in a field of universal values. The basic elements of his creations are the same everywhere and should everywhere elicit somewhat the same kinds of response. Perhaps a dissemination of pictures and sculptures might help persuade men, before it is too late, to regard the situation they have come to in the way works of art are presumably regarded, without suspicion or passion.

The artist is certainly a man of peace. Without peace, or that minimum amount of it which permits esthetic reflection, he cannot create and the purpose of his life is nullified. What better advocate of peace than he who loses all by the lack of it? Or what better symbol of world understanding than the artistic object which would seem to speak of what all men feel?

Primary responses to art must rest on its form, and those who are close to artists know that the creative process is largely directed to perfecting the material relations that reveal form. This constant concern with purely esthetic elements lends to the creation of art a certain autonomous character. It seems to develop in a world apart from the pressures, passions, and prejudices of everyday life. It is precisely, I believe, on this apparent autonomy, this sort of spiritual disengagement, that people put their faith in art's influence for world good and call upon the artist to sign up and help promote it.

But while relations of a purely esthetic, and at least momentarily disengaged character, do and must come first in making art and in initiating responses to it, they do not account for all that art involves. Concern with esthetic values is certainly a condition of art both creatively and receptively, but when the forms of art become significant factors in man's social life they are not only esthetic but expressive. As expressions they are tied to other than esthetic ideas and beliefs which operate on the artist during creation and on the spectator afterwards.

All men who do not think they can profit by war want peace. But they generally want a peace that will sustain the thought patterns under and by which they habitually live. Without these patterns—their spiritual sustenance—they are lost. The artist is here no different from his lay brothers. He is even more likely to be tied to what is familiar than they, for he is at his best when he does not have to think but can operate spontaneously on what he already knows.

But the art object is not a mere vehicle for messages that could be transmitted as well in another vehicle. Without suffering a disastrous loss of esthetic appeal the forms of art cannot state meanings precisely or didactically, or impose them as a tract, or a cartoon does. The meanings of art are rather evoked. Its social affects are drawn from the spectator, and with his willing participation. Art thus expresses, when it fulfills its social function, the spectator as well as the artist.

This suggests that unless the meanings contained in the art object have some prior existence in the social body to which the artist belongs or appeals, his creations will fail to function. You cannot evoke what does not exist. Certainly, in the great periods of artistic creation the artist was at one with his society and made his images in the aura of its meanings.

IN apparent opposition to this historically proved necessity of functionable art, there arose in the last century the theory of "Art for Art's Sake." Essentially this theory merely restated the well-known fact that an artist must have artistry, must observe, that is, the primary esthetic requisites of his trade. Lately, however, this quite proper re-emphasis of time-honored values has taken a curious twist. The esthetically moving properties of the materials of art have come to be exploited for the sole purpose of promoting self-awareness on the part of the artist. To observe and enjoy oneself performing becomes the reason for perform-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance and the accompanying heightened sense of the self the end of art. A picture is not changed to better it but only because the changing allows further realizations of the self in action.

Such esthetic operations need not eventuate in form, and generally they do not unless the word form is to be used for any conglomerate. Where, by chance, comprehensible relations do materialize and form of a sort is achieved, it does not—and, as above indicated, is not intended to—communicate or suggest any public meanings. In fact, the very nature of such operations indicates a scorn for these. But, paradoxically, they pose publicly significant questions just the same. For instance, in view of the fact that art has been tied historically to the meanings of the culture from which it arose and that the historic purpose of esthetic formulation was to reflect these, are we to assume that the present vogue for "abstract expressionism," "action painting," and other similar contentless movements, indicates that our culture has no meanings? Do our institutions, our activities, and our environments provide no substance for esthetic creation? Or, because we have for so long had so little public use for the artist, have we atrophied his sensibilities, to public values? Or *are our artists themselves at fault?* Are they in pathological flight from our meanings because they lack the power to adjust to them?

However these questions may be answered in the future, the fact that they can be asked indicates that the will to perform as pure esthete does not entail the power to do so. Even the most withdrawn esthetic play will be affected by meanings. The artist who takes pride in avoiding his own cultural meanings may well find himself saddled with others less attractive.

Let us suppose that in the interest of improved cultural relations we should present the papas of the Kremlin with a Jack Pollack drip. This painting, representing nothing whatever, would not seem to carry any specifically, and thus provocative, American content. But it would mean something supposedly characteristic of America just the same and would probably elicit an acceptance speech decrying the antisocial indulgences of a decadent individualism. But on the other hand, a Tom Benton history, while it might find some approval for its figurative aspects, would be equally abhorrent as a false and misleading glorification of imperialistic adventurism. Both drip and history would thus have evocative properties other than what was intended by their creators.

In this hypothetical case the men of the Kremlin have not acted abnormally, but as men have always reacted to objects of art. They attributed meanings of their own to them. If these meanings made the very forms of art obnoxious, that too would not be unusual. How many great and beautiful Greek statues went under the sledge hammers of early Christians because evil meanings were attributed to them? And how do we react to the products of Russian "social realism"? Art, then, is not really autonomous, and never was.

Here we come to the heart of our original questions about the effectiveness of art and artists in our quests for peace. The rival thought patterns by which men live all contain truths—practical truths which are definable, and emotional truths, born of the human soul's urge to make itself at one with life, which are not. The arts attached to and growing out of these patterns largely reflect the latter. These, along with the esthetic forms encompassing them, and even when they are patently of time and place, may well be truly universal. But to be universally recognized as such they must be disassociated from the power complexes which are also concomitants of man's thought patterns and which are developed to sustain them. This separation can occur only when the truths of rival systems are reconciled in larger systems with larger areas of tolerance. The artist can do nothing about this. Furthermore, since peace is contingent on the same kind of reconciliation, he can do nothing about it, either. Neither can his art.

"A Jack Pollack drip . . . and a Tom Benton history . . . would be equally abhorrent . . . to the men of the Kremlin." At right: Benton's "New Year's Eve," the Ozarks, Missouri; below: Pollack's "Number Ten," black duco on canvas.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Novelists Need a Commitment

Lillian Smith

By LILLIAN SMITH

IT IS as human to strive for peace as to pursue happiness. But it is also human, I think, to fail in both endeavors unless we think more of consequences than goals.

For peace and happiness are presences, not objects we can grasp and hold to. They are our moments of grace which fall upon us at the height of creative tension when we make something good—a painting, a poem, a relationship—or when we discover a sliver of knowledge, or find meaning for our age in old symbols or new; or when we extend awareness of the depths and heights of human possibilities, or feel for an instant a sense of the numinous; or when we open a door where there was no door. At such times there comes to the maker, the discoverer, the doer, a certainty that life is good. "It has meaning for me."

This is peace, as I think of it. Not cessation from struggle, not comfort, not absence of friction or controversy or ordeal—but freedom for men to maintain the maximum of creative tension, to go on with the Quest, with the work, to engage in further dialogue with one's self and others, to seek new forms in art and science, to look for, and now and then find, fresh simplicities in the old chaos.

But how is this kind of life possible in a world where the Terror grows ever larger? It isn't, of course. We must have disarmament, we must find ways to control nuclear weapons—and soon. For time is running out. (The horror is that such statements are already clichés that men, in apathy, turn away from.)

Is it that we are not sure we want a new life, a new vision—even though without it we cannot release the moral and intellectual energy needed to bring about conciliations on which world disarmament depends? Is it that we have actually, as some say, lost our commitment to the future? Or is it that we have not had, up to now, leaders who in tapping their own adrenals and imagination can tap ours, too?

Questions slide into a kind of deathclinch and we wonder what answer can break it. For each hard necessity is contingent upon an equally hard necessity, and so it goes. No wonder we feel locked in a nightmare.

We can blame a thousand "enemies" for the condition we moderns are in. We can say it is caused by man's too-sudden realization of the size of his universe, of the magnitude of time; by his unadmitted knowledge that power to destroy us may fall at any moment into the hands of an idiot. We can say it has to do with a shrunken vocabulary that fails to communicate with what is unproved in human existence; we can blame our loneliness on our loss of God; we can paint, draw, write of human fragmentation; we can root our troubles in the eighteenth century's overesteem of reason and the nineteenth century's overesteem of science and both centuries' underesteem of the nonrational and unknowable. Or we can blame it on the Communists if we are white and Western; or, if dark or Eastern, we can blame it on colonialism and American segregation. Or, if we are Communist, we can blame it on capitalism's callous disregard of mass poverty. We can use the words of Buber or Sartre or Kierkegaard or Jaspers or Marcel or Nietzsche or Marx or Tillich or Freud or Jung or Binswanger, or we can use our own homegrown words—and it will all make good sense.

Even so, we have not exhausted the interlocking reasons for man's loss of faith in his fellow man, in his God, in his own strength as individual to cope with mobs and machines and statistical magnitudes and human hungers and human differences, and an unknown future.

SO THE dialogue between man and his predicament continues. As it should. For only thus can we gain the insight needed for the heart's work, as Rilke long ago reminded us. And only when heart and mind are working well together can the imagination grasp the structure, the bony articulation, of the modern dilemma.

But a time finally comes—and I think it is here—when we must turn away from our introspection and boldly lift ourselves into a new age and a new way of being. And this near-impossible feat can be brought about only by fusing our knowledge and technics with those magic, nonrational feelings we call love, compassion, concern, faith, hope. We'll do what must be done not by proving it first but by daring to believe what we cannot as yet (or perhaps ever) prove. We'll find courage to look at the new vision not by being brave but by wanting so much an earth fit for humans that we willingly risk our lives, even our prestige and popularity, for it.

Let me say it this way: war is the human race's Number Two enemy. Its Number One enemy is the creeping, persisting, ever-widening dehumanization of man. This is the disease of which nuclear war may be the terminal symptom. When dehumanization has gone too far, men will not find it possible to believe there are nonviolent ways of bringing about understanding and conciliation; they will not perceive the big value, they will lose their belief in word and symbol because they have torn out the inner meaning of words, they have corrupted the symbols we cherish.

THIS is scary stuff, at least to me. We can never face and master our ordeal by working on one level at a time. We can do it only by an in-depth simultaneity of effort: of individual, group, nation. On every known level of experience artist, scientist, preacher, politician, teacher, laborer, and industrialist, young and old, must pool their talents and skills, their imagination and knowledge, their symbols and their technologies, their metaphors and their dreams, their hope and their compassion. All this for what? To create a new kind of person, a new kind of life on this earth—and in the doing to bring about a set of conditions in which disarmament will become possible. We know the "problem" of war cannot be solved. But it will be transcended. Inevitably, we shall abandon it as skill and discipline but only when we find new ways, new rituals of conciliation of men's needs and their hungers, and new tensions that give dramatic value to life.

This is what I believe about "peace." It is difficult to separate the novelist from the person or the person from the citizen as I think of my writing and that of others. We must do one thing as citizen, another as writer; but—and this is important—both kinds of activities are fused in the person. What we believe, what we are, has a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profound effect upon the quality of our writing. Much nonsense is printed, today, about the need of artists to isolate themselves from this historical period we live in with its challenges to spirit and brain and body and its importunate knocking on the heart with its hungers and needs. One hears, "Of course you can be a great poet and still be a Fascist; you can write a great novel and still cling to nihilism or to segregation." I don't believe a word of it.

Let's look at "segregation." It is a word I am deeply concerned with. But is my concern limited to civil rights? Or to the trite phrase "the Negro problem"? Or to colonialism? Or even to the "white problem"? No. Segregation, for me, is far more. It means the cleavage that Western mind has dug between subject and object; it means loss of communication with our own self; it means that estrangement from God which oppresses modern man; it subsumes all the fragmentations of modern times. It is a symbol into which a thousand meanings may be read. For man is not solid animal but a creature whose symbols, while making him human, have split him off from himself. In the act of symbolizing he steps far enough away to watch and wound himself; he walks into time and space and walks out, knowing his exit is called death. He is tortured by great separations but in his agony he creates relationships that bridge those separations; and then he builds his tower so he may look into the abyss he has just spanned and still dreads. Abyss and tower: both, Erich Kahler reminds us, must be embraced in an encircling recognition. This, too, has to do with peace.

ALL this is part of the big question of our times: do we commit suicide as nations, as human beings, by putting up more and more walls, segregating ourselves into an ever-shrinking area, or do we form bridges, fill in gulfs until we can communicate not only with other people but with the interior of ourselves, not only with the past but with the future, not only with what can be proved but with what can never be proved. Can we live as human beings, are we capable of choosing our future, or will we become more and more dehumanized, more and more like automata?

When I think of the novel's contribution to peace, I think more of characters and metaphors than of subject matter; more of chasms and relationships than of war. There have been good novels that convince us of the futility of war. Too many to name. For me, this century's most powerful indictments of mass bombing are Hersey's documentary "Hiroshima" and Picasso's "Guernica"; "Hiroshima" leaves us shaken by human suffering and we move closer to its people; "Guernica" leaves us stone-cold with horror and we step back from dehumanized man as if from a cobra.

One of the greatest novels about "peace" is, for me, "Moby Dick." Every tension in this book we feel, today; every dichotomy in its characters we understand. Melville's symbols of "whiteness" are fresh with spine-chilling meaning: his grasp of the mythic mind is superb and relevant to our understanding of today's mass man. Another book is Dostoevski's "The Idiot." Prince Myshkin might, right now, be taking part in the sit-ins in the South.

A novel's symbols and its myth are important, yes; but more than all else, its importance lies in how much of the future is in its characters, how many of its tensions will be shared and understood by readers who come after us. Regardless of its subject matter, a novel that meets these tests will make its contribution to the new being, the new life our earth sorely needs.

Clothes Maketh the Man

(to be said aloud awkwardly)

By T. Weiss

HOW hard it is, we say,
how very hard. No one can say
these clumsy lines and make them
stick or make them stay. No actress
in the land—the best have tried—
can find a pattern or a rhythm
in such befuddled monologue.
Concede,
I say, it is a role to try the mettle
of a Bernhardt who, wigged, without a leg
and in a ragged voice could—so they say—
strike any rock-like audience to tears,
this with only the alphabet.
Maybe,
you say, maybe, but then the alphabet
by Racine, no less. And I am depressed.
Ah me, I am depressed to think how we
with many more outspoken words submit
to mutterings and silence, only answer
fitting to our one-tone utterance
of loneliness, despair.
How hard it is,
we say, how very hard, our rotten luck,
that we should find ourselves, no rock
in sight, caught in such muck.
Oh, well,
I say, maybe when haven't understood
each other long enough, it will prove
stubborn stuff that we can carve.

Already Goya knew the sharp rebuff
of nakedness. With nothing between
he almost wrung his naked Maja's neck,
as though he'd stuck the head of one girl,
a much beloved, on the body of another
(for less aesthetic uses), and they could
not meet, not in the brilliant solvent
of his paints.
His Maja draped was
a far different matter. I never thought
that I'd prefer a dressed girl to one
undressed. Even for me, I see, it's later
than I guessed. So let's go home to bed,
Renée, and dress and dress and dress.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Stress on Dissent

By Granville Hicks

THE MOOD of the *Esquire* literary conferences has grown darker and darker. At Columbia in 1958 Leslie Fiedler was the only speaker who could see no hope whatever for contemporary American society. At the University of Iowa last winter Norman Mailer reiterated Fiedler's condemnation, Dwight Macdonald produced supporting evidence, and Mark Harris, as a kind of afterthought, agreed that the situation was pretty bad. This October the conference was held in San Francisco, and, according to an article by Robert Gutwillig in the *New York Times Book Review*, the three speakers were unanimous.

John Cheever spoke of the "abrasive and faulty surface of the United States in the last twenty-five years," and announced that "life in the United States in 1960 is Hell." The "only possible position for a writer now," he said, "is negation." James Baldwin said, "There is no structure in American life today and there are no human beings." He did add, "I have a vision of truth and goodness beneath the insupportable surface of sleaziness." Philip Roth discussed "the alienation of the writer in America from a grotesque contemporary society," and criticized Saul Bellow, William Styron, and Herbert Gold for displaying some degree of hope.

Let me make it clear that I am less than perfectly happy about America today. In the first place, a society that lives in the shadow of total destruction is not likely to be a good society. In the second place, although we have come closer than any other nation in history to abolishing poverty, our misuse of our wealth is shameful. But at the same time I believe that we have laid the material foundation for a good society and that, if we are lucky enough to be given time, we can build something substantial on it. This at least is worth working for.

On the other hand, I have no quarrel with writers who do not share my cautious and qualified optimism—my meliorism, to use Thomas Hardy's word. If Samuel Beckett sees man as a cripple, that is how he has to portray him, and I can only admire the power with which he communicates his vision. Wright Morris seems to me to take a darker view of mankind in "Ceremony in Lone Tree" than he has taken in earlier books, and that is of course his right. Flannery O'Connor, as a Catholic, is not without hope, but the world of her novels and short stories is peopled with grotesques, and I can only assume that this is the kind of world she sees.

I am troubled about the San Francisco symposium not because three writers expressed pessimistic opinions but because I am not sure that two of the three were saying what they really feel. The exception is James Baldwin. "Go Tell It on the Mountain" is not, to my mind, a starkly pessimistic book; there are suggestions of the truth and goodness of which Baldwin spoke in his talk. Yet the picture the book gives of American life shows some of its worst aspects. As for "Giovanni's Room," it is a story of men who are lost, and I hear in it no hopeful note whatever.

BUT if Baldwin has a right to his pessimism, I am skeptical about Cheever and Roth. Cheever has been writing stories for a long time, and they have often shown some of the grimmer phases of life in the United States. I remember, for instance, a story of some years back, "The Enormous Radio," that beautifully sums up the barrenness of a good deal of urban existence. This, however, is not the only tune that Cheever plays. "The Wapshot Chronicle," though scarcely a piece of Pollyanna gladness, has its euphoric moments, and its closing words, taken from Leander Wapshot's advice to his sons are these: "Fear tastes like a rusty knife. Courage tastes of blood. Stand up straight. Admire the world. Relish the love of a gentle woman. Trust in the lord."

It is perhaps unfair to quote Cheever against himself, but, in an interview with Rollene Waterman (*SR*, Sept. 13, 1958), he did say, "There's been too much criticism of the middle-class way of life. Life can be as good and rich there [*i.e.*, in the suburbs] as anyplace else." I should attach little importance to a casual remark of this sort if it were not borne out by his stories. In "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," which I reviewed in the same issue, he shows the dullness of the suburbs, but the dullness is by no means unrelieved. Exciting things happen to his characters, and sometimes destroy them but sometimes make them happy.

Roth is a good bit younger and has only one volume of short stories to his credit, "Goodbye, Columbus," which won the National Book Award for fiction last year. The title story, a novella, tells of frustrated young love and along the way portrays some of the absurdities of suburban life; nevertheless the tone is hopeful and even high-spirited. One story, "Eli, the Fanatic," is consistently grim, but it is more than balanced by the others. "Defender of the Faith," for instance, is as funny as it is shrewd.

Roth's performance at San Francisco is puzzling because in his speech accepting the National Book Award he quarreled with Fiedler's demand for an unqualified negativism. At San Francisco he attacked the affirmations of a number of his contemporaries. These affirmations, he was saying, are not soundly based, and this could be a reasonable position to take; however, I have an impression that, in his mood at the time, Roth was a hard man to satisfy. Any affirmation had come to seem to him suspicious.

I am not accusing Cheever and Roth of adopting a pose, but I do believe that their San Francisco statements can legitimately be checked against their creative work. Novelists and short-story writers are usually not quite at ease on a public platform, and they may say less or more than they mean. I have never been satisfied, for instance, that William Faulkner's famous Nobel Prize speech was anything like an adequate expression of his vision of life. His resonant and sometimes platitudinous affirmations may have suited his mood of the moment, but it is not out of this *Weltanschauung* that his great novels were written.

As Faulkner in his public role felt that he must affirm, Cheever and Roth in their public roles felt that they must deny, and I think we can see why. A writer may be pretty well fixed these days. He may, for instance, be flown out to San Francisco, luxuriously lodged, given a lot of expensive food and drink. Since he knows that he mustn't be taken in by all this, mustn't allow himself to become complacent, he reacts strongly, denouncing our materialistic age. The reaction is healthy, but the denunciations have to be viewed with a degree of skepticism if we are not to be misled. To discover what he truly sees and deeply feels, we must look at what has been wrought by his imagination.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUEST FOR TRUTH

All Roads Lead to Nirvana

"The Marvelous Life of the Buddha," by Maurice Percheron; *translated by Adrienne Foulke (St. Martin's Press. 250 pp. $5.75),* ***"The World of Zen," edited by Nancy Wilson Ross*** *(Random House. 384 pp. $10), and* ***"This Is It," by Alan W. Watts*** *(Pantheon. 158 pp. $3.50), permit one to contrast the original message of the great Indian philosopher with its popular, present-day adaptation. Ranjee Shahani's "Mr. Gandhi" will be published by Macmillan in the near future.*

By Ranjee Shahani

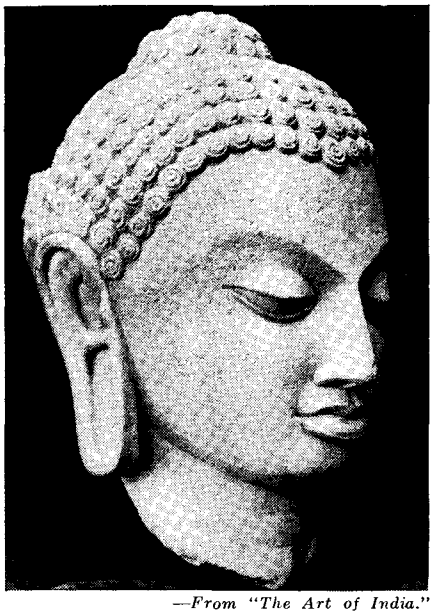
ANATOLE FRANCE once said:

> The wisdom of the Buddha is not made for the active races of Europe, for these human families so sure in the possession of life. And the sovereign remedy which he brings for the universal malaise does not suit our temperament. He asks us to renounce, and we wish to act; he teaches us to desire nothing, and desire is stronger in us than life. Finally, for the reward of our efforts, he promises us Nirvana, absolute repose, and the very idea of repose horrifies us. Sakya-Muni is not come for us; he will not save us. . . .

Were the French ironist to revisit this planet he would be horribly puzzled. What is happening to the West? Why, its active races are becoming more and more Buddha-conscious. Catastrophic? No. It is indeed a happy augury. It seems that the most difficult of arts—the art of thinking—is at last spreading among mankind.

Why not face the truth? He who takes a passionless view of the universe cannot but follow the path of Sakya-Muni. Buddhist, Turgenev; Buddhist, Anatole France; Buddhist, Bertrand Russell; Buddhist, Paul Valéry, Buddhist, Aldous Huxley; Buddhist, Clifford Bax; Buddhist, Nehru. The list is long.

How has this state of affairs come about? It is the work of modern science, which, for all its limitations, has succeeded in unsentimentalizing the cosmos. We are no longer satisfied with useful fictions. Facing reality unflinchingly is, as Count Keyserling remarked, our way of brooding in fiery meditation.



—*From "The Art of India."*

Head of Buddha image (early sixth century) at the National Museum of India, New Delhi.

This is pure Buddhism, which, unfortunately, our guides, both in East and West, have presented to us in a manner that can only be called beat, square, or fanciful. The divine simplicity of the original doctrine has been more or less lost. What we get is the volatilizing of an aroma.

A charge of this kind cannot be laid against Maurice Percheron, whose life of the Buddha is one of the liveliest books on the subject I have ever read. Though a profound scholar, the author is utterly free from the dust of libraries. He has assembled his material with care and shaped it with Gallic vivacity and elegance. It is a delight to read what he writes. The portrait that emerges from his literary labors is engaging, even fascinating, but it is innocent of all warts.

Some may like romanticized biography. If so, they will derive much pleasure from the effort of Maurice Percheron. But there are those who prefer the bare bones of truth, if they can get them, or a picture so powerful that it jumps out of the frame. These will be disappointed by the book.

The trouble with Maurice Percheron is that he mingles fact and fancy in his drawing to heighten its effect. This makes his reconstruction neither truly critical nor truly creative. It falls between two stools: the stool of erudition and the stool of entertainment. The real Buddha requires no miraculous or poetic details to enhance his eminence; he was, first, last, and above all, a searcher. A searcher of what? Of those areas of experience that are not yet quickened by the fire of intelligence. But this book, though too much cluttered up with myth and legend, thereby making its hero occasionally appear as an intermundane invalid, is valuable all the same: it is excitingly written and does point, in the introduction, to the true message of the Buddha. For this latter reason alone it is worth buying and meditating on.

Now, roughly speaking, there are three types of Buddhism: the Buddhism of the Buddha, the Buddhism of his favorite disciples, and the Buddhism of the disciples' disciples. The first type of Buddhism, which is a matter of personal realization, can be symbolized by the sun; the second type of Buddhism, which is an affair of instruction received from the Master, may be compared to the moon, for it is mirrored light; the last type of Buddhism, which is information obtained at third hand, may well be described as the reflection of a reflection. So we have in Buddhism the primal experience, the same experience as it filtered down through the spoken word, and an experience that is a meditation on what was inked.

Indian Buddhism is not a collection of doctrines and dialectical subtleties; it is essentially a question of total "seeing"; it means complete alignment with the Illuminative Principle. Mahayana Buddhism may be likened to the Apostle stage in Christianity, being once removed from the life-giving source; it is the rationalization of an interpretation. Hinayana may be said to be the codification of the Law and may well be equated with the findings of the children of Israel.

We possess, then, pristine Buddhism as India absorbed it; Beat Buddhism as the Chinese and Tibetans understand it; and Square Buddhism as the Singhalese, the Burmese, the Laotians, the Cambodians, and the Siamese practice it. As for Zen, which is so much in vogue today, particularly in the United States, it is, strictly speaking, not Buddhism at all, but the reenameling by the Samurai race of an already enameled cult. "The World of Zen" and "This Is It" confirm me in my opinion.

The first-named volume defies pinpointed discussion; it is too diversified, being a kind of selective encyclopedia of Zen thought and feeling. Almost every aspect of Japanese creative and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constructive effort is dealt with, from archery to architecture. Besides, there are poems and parables, tales and tributes (from foreigners) showing the vitality of Zen. Many items are enlightening: whatever D. T. Suzuki writes must be read, and I must single out for praise the pieces by Okakura Kakuzo ("The No Drama"), Hubert Benoit ("Satori"), Sokei-an ("The Religion of Tranquility"), Huang Po ("The Zen Teaching"), R. G. H. Siu ("Zen and Science"), and Erich Fromm ("Psychoanalysis and Zen"). The introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross and the foreword by Ruth Fuller Sasaki are admirable.

Once the Indian spirit mingled with the Khymer and produced the wonder that is the Temple of Angkor-Vat. Similarly, bowdlerized Buddhism seems to have sharpened the Japanese sensibility so much that it is busy felling forests in order to make match boxes. It would be instructive to know what the Nipponese could do if they turned to the original doctrine of the Perfect One. Then perhaps they would be able to hear not only the carol of the bluebell but the music that comes from beyond the bourn of silence.

Years ago I read a small book by Alan W. Watts on Zen Buddhism which impressed me deeply. True, it said nothing new, but it was written with gusto and grace. So I picked up the present study eagerly, hoping to find in it a deepening of the vision and a larger harmony of style. I was, I confess, disagreeably surprised.

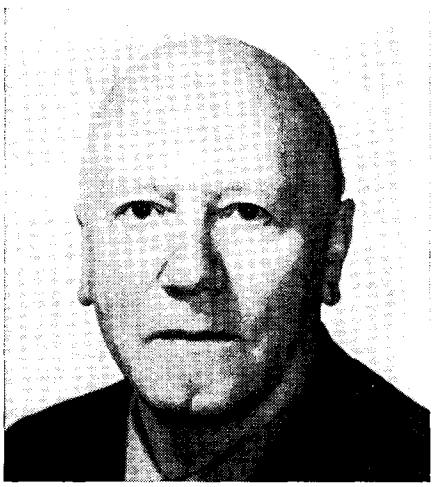
Mr. Watts seems to have adopted Zen as someone might adopt a new profession. He can think of nothing else. We admire his single-minded zeal. But when, in his enthusiasm, he goes on to downgrade not only Hebraism and Christianity but also Hinduism and Indian Buddhism, we can only sigh. He writes:

> Chinese humanism and naturalism intrigue us much more strongly than Indian Buddhism or Vedanta. These, too, have their students in the West, but their followers seem for the most part to be displaced Christians. . . . The ideal man of Indian Buddhism is clearly a superman, a yogi with absolute mastery over his own nature, according perfectly with the science fiction ideal "man beyond mankind." But the Buddha or awakened man of Chinese Zen is "ordinary and nothing special"; he is humorously human like the Zen tramps portrayed by Mu-ch'i and Liang-k'air. We like this because here, for the first time, is a conception of the holy man and sage who is not impossibly remote, not a superman but fully human, and, above all, not a solemn and sexless ascetic. . . .

Has Alan Watts forgotten the Bhagavad-Gita, or the teachings of Vivekananda, or the prismatic vision of Aurbindo? Further, he is inclined to believe that a bum is best qualified to embody holiness. This is like saying that the glory of the rainbow can only be seen in gutter water.

The six papers in "This Is It," put together by the bookbinder's art to give them what unity they possess, are mostly "words-words and mouthy." Alan Watts is trying desperately to stand on his own shoulders to gain a better view of the totality that is spread before us, overlooking, in his zeal, to read on night's starred face huge, cloudy symbols of high romance.

Dedicated to Meaning



C. D. Broad—"extended clarification."

"The Philosophy of C. D. Broad," edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp *(Tudor. 866 pp. $12.50), evaluates the work of a noted Cambridge professor, whose studies include "Perception, Physics, and Reality." Maxine Greene teaches philosophy and literature at New York University's School of Education.*

By Maxine Greene

C. D. BROAD, one of the grand old men of British analytic philosophy, is the subject of Volume X in The Library of Living Philosophers. For two decades now the aficionado of philosophic discussion and criticism has been treated to these surveys of the life works of great modern thinkers; and the newest volume presents a far-ranging symposium on the seminal achievement of a man whose influence has been second only to that of Russell, Wittgenstein, and Moore. In it such eminent and varied spokesmen as Brand Blanshard, R. M. Hare, W. T. Stace, and others of like caliber describe and evaluate Broad's work in criticism, ethics, metaphysics, and psychical research; and Professor Broad responds in an extended clarification, defense, and "last bow."

As usual, the volume begins with an autobiographical statement; and this one is a gem, a study in self-discovery with the contours of a work of art. We read of Broad's family background, his all-important aunts, the mother who aroused such disturbing, "ambivalent" feelings, the escape from "the man-trap of matrimony"; and it is like reading an Edwardian novelist with intimations of Virginia Woolf. The sections on Cambridge, the explanation of the association with the Society for Psychical Research, and the precise reports of limitations in this "almost pathologically timid and yielding and physically weak individual" are as lucid and luscious as C. P. Snow's accounts of English academic life.

Brand Blanshard draws attention to Broad's philosophic clarity and says that he "might have cut a larger figure if he had written obscurely enough to evoke a crop of doctoral dissertations on what he could possibly have meant." It may well be his precision and lucidity that freed his critics to respond creatively to such matters as the role of *a priori* concepts in logic and metaphysics, the question of whether things may be dispensed with in favor of processes, the matter of time and "specious present," and the problems of causation and induction.

It is Broad's very rigorousness that enables us to understand that, for all his careful formulation of the "methodological assumptions common to those who have made the movement known as Analytical Philosophy," his concern has been with both critical and speculative philosophy. Critical philosophy, for him, involves not simply the study of language but the analysis and definition of concepts used in daily life and in the sciences; in addition, of course, it is concerned with the criti-

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tory View of the New World

When, in 1839, Captain Frederick Marryat's ***"Diary in America"*** *(Indiana University Press, $6.95) was published in England, his journal created such a furor across the United States that outraged citizens hung in effigy this once-beloved author of "Mr. Midshipman Easy." Now, at the close of the Eisenhower era, his account of a journey to this country during Van Buren's time has been published here for the first time. Born in Algeria of a Welsh father and an American mother, photo-reporter John Phillips, who wrote "Odd World" in 1959, has spent his entire life straddling the United States and Europe. He is thus sturdily equipped to update Captain Marryat's impressions.*

By John Phillips

IT IS doubtful whether Americans, preoccupied as they are with Khrushchev, will be aroused by Marryat, although he too, in his time, advocated the overthrow of the United States government. More conservative than Mr. K., who recently predicted we would all be devout Marxists within two generations, the good captain did not specify when he expected us to become little Tories. He did, however, express his profound distaste for democracy in a dialectic today's Communists would appreciate:

> I consider [Marryat wrote in his diary] that when those possessed of the most talent and wisdom are selected to act . . . without any shackle or pledge being enforced, we may consider that form of government as a republic. . . . If, on the contrary, those selected by the people to represent them are not only bound by pledges previous to their election, but ordered by the mass how to vote after their election, . . . then the governing principle sinks into a democracy, as it now is in America.

Marryat condemned this "mobocracy" for its failure to make America safe for aristocracy. The Companion of the Bath was scandalized that, in the year 1838, men of "superior talent" were not singled out in some way. "It is impossible to know who is who, in this land of equality," he protested. This unorganized society distressed the captain, who was more accustomed to the harsh discipline of the Royal Navy, but he prudently noted: "All attempt at *coercion* in that half-civilized country would have been not only useless but dangerous."

These outbursts against the government, the structure of society, and the mentality of the population did not affect Marryat's judgment about the country's achievements. The speed with which Americans built cities so overwhelmed him that his diary occasionally sounds like a publicity release:

> Now, you may walk through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years . . . in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity.

These contradictions in Marryat produced a curious jumble of preconceived ideas and farsighted observations. They now offer the reader of "Diary in America" a candid picture of a Tory's reactions to democracy, and a clear insight into a European's conflicting emotions about this country in the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

Today Marryat's political ideas, outdated in England, are still too liberal for Continental Europe's diehards. Over a century ago Marryat accepted the idea that an ex-stableboy could become President. But last month a European complained to me: "You, with your laws allowing a janitor's son to become President, have brought chaos to the world. In the good old times, before America meddled in Europe's affairs, everybody knew his place, kept it, and was happy."

The notion that all men are created equal makes such *réactionnaires* rile against American ideals and do everything they can to prevent the spread of "American Socialism." The Communists, equally anxious to keep out American influence, take the line that our capitalism is as cynically selfish as Europe's, so they accuse the United States of "Fascism."

These conflicting views are not confined to the far right and the far left. Europeans who have visited America cannot agree among themselves about our way of life, either. The most interesting reactions, in my opinion, are those of the Maverick European and the Conformist; these extreme types

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Fountain of Youth? Around here we feel it's a real privilege to reach middle age."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completely disagree over everything they have seen in this country.

The Conformist echoes Marryat's respect for American enterprise. And his respect extends to the know-how of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, for he shares Marryat's observation that the United States is not the place to try to duck taxes. But the Conformist's wife, who came along for "le shopping," regards New York as though it were a well-supplied PX and has little use for all the housewife's time-saving and labor-reducing devices. She finds her household staff of six more efficient.

The Maverick—a woman in this case—agrees with Marryat that America is not a nation but a "new picture of the human mind." In rebellion against Europe's ways, she takes the floor with the zeal of an early suffragette whenever she hears the Conformist sound off. Here are some of the points on which they differ:

THE CONFORMIST: "Certainly American industry is remarkable, and while I'm the first to admit we can profit from their experience, you must agree it takes more than automation to produce a culture. America is a very young country and still has a lot to learn from our old civilization."

THE MAVERICK: "America is the oldest civilization of modern times. It produced the assembly line, the skyscrapers, highway networks, drugstores, supermarkets, shopping centers, and the atomic energy that we in Europe are now copying. But we Europeans still refuse to realize they have blueprints for life in the twentieth century. We want to enjoy the benefits of the American way of life and still maintain our European privileges. Our mass production only benefits a minority. This is why we have Communists and America doesn't."

THE CONFORMIST: "This technical culture you praise so highly has no respect for tradition. Everything is so new in America, they might have been discovered sixty-five years ago by the look of their cities. Now take our towns: even the smallest is imbued with tradition. Do not forget it is these old stones of ours that have helped mold us into the civilization we are today."

THE MAVERICK: "They certainly did. In Europe we put art before man, while in America man's comfort comes first. We made a fetish of historical buildings. Personally I find it is more convenient to buy a stamp in a building designed to be a post office than stumble around a drafty Italian palace converted into a *posta*. And the postal clerks, believe me, would also gladly exchange their *palazzo* for the comfort of a modern building."

THE CONFORMIST'S WIFE: "I wouldn't exchange my home for one on Park Avenue, believe me. You have no idea what American servants are like, my dear. Do you realize that a cook in New York earns what some executives get here. . . ."

THE MAVERICK interrupts: "When they are not related to the family controlling the company."

THE CONFORMIST'S WIFE: "Naturally, but that's not the point, my dear. I was just trying to explain why Americans don't have what I call service."

THE MAVERICK: "They have what I consider service. I can get a prescription made up at the corner drugstore without having to worry which pharmacist is on night duty after seven p.m. I can phone the supermarket and have my food delivered promptly, without going around five different stores myself and wondering whether the eggs are fresh. I can get a dress pressed the same day without being at the mercy of the kind of clumsy maid I would have to put up with now that domestic help is being attracted by the shorter hours and higher wages of factory work."

THE CONFORMIST'S WIFE: "I see you enjoy their service with a smile, which includes being called 'honey' at the delicatessen and 'darling' at the cut-rate stores. Why! Even people I was introduced to, and who should have known better, called me by my first name. I can't say I find Americans very refined, my dear."

THE MAVERICK: "I find them the most polite people I know. They remember my family name the second time we meet—which is more than Europeans do. They say 'glad to meet you' and mean it. They light a woman's cigarette and, when she is a foreigner, have a pleasant word about her country, which is more than we cultured Europeans can boast of doing."

THE CONFORMIST'S WIFE: "But culture is our forte my dear. Take our literature, our music. . . ."

THE MAVERICK: "Let's take music for instance: their concert-goers are more erudite than ours. We are provincial and only know our own country's composers. Bartók was a classic in America at a time when he was still avant-garde in Europe."

THE Maverick, however, does not agree with contemporary criticism, which condemns this country's "materialism."

> Materialism is a European trait [she protests]. Europeans gladly complicate their lives with useless possessions because they are compulsive owners. Americans enjoy possessions for the satisfaction they offer. They never allow objects to clutter up their lives. You Americans use materialism for spiritual ends. Take dehydrated potatoes as a symbol. The belief that drudgery is a virtue has been pounded into the European's conventional mind. That is why, instinctively, Europeans refuse to face the fact that potatoes prepared in five minutes can compare with potatoes it took an hour to wash, peel, boil, and mash. For Europeans mashed potatoes are a ritual. But the Americans regard dehydrated potatoes as a short cut to a meal because, as Marryat pointed out, "time to an American is everything" Americans are right; time is too precious to waste on drudgery. The day when the average European makes Marryat's discovery that "the American lives twice as long as oth-

(*Continued on page* 41)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"THAT ONE WOMAN"

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents on the left the names of ten heroines of plays in which they are the only females, each surrounded by as many as nineteen males. Can you assign these lone wolfettes to their proper dramas scrambled on the right? Answers on page 41.

1. Ann Girard	( )	"Dial 'M' for Murder" (Knott)
2. Curley's Wife	( )	"The Hasty Heart" (Patrick)
3. Isabelle Parry	( )	"Justice" (Galsworthy)
4. Lizzie Curry	( )	"The Moon Is Blue" (Herbert)
5. Llona	( )	"Mister Roberts" (Heggen and Logan)
6. Margaret	( )	"Of Mice and Men" (Steinbeck)
7. Margot Wendice	( )	"The Play's the Thing" (Molnar)
8. Patty O'Neill	( )	"The Rainmakers" (Nash)
9. Risa Schwartz	( )	"Strictly Dishonorable" (Sturgis)
10. Ruth Honeywell	( )	"The Tenth Man" (Chayefsky)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Hiroshima: Point of No Return

The fusion of hydrogen and fission of nations have been followed by no literary chain reaction. Like scientist and statesman, the novelist seems unable to cope with the one giant step in Man's starward climb: the conversion of mass into energy, releasing unlimited power for evil or good. Pat Frank, author of "Alas, Babylon," "Forbidden Area," and "Hold Back the Night," considers why.

By Pat Frank

IT IS surprising how few "nuclear novels" are published, and of these how few are capable of moving, enlightening, or even holding the reader. The advertising profession, Civil War, racial tensions, big business, Biblical times, and of course sex are all lusher meadows for the writer. They are certainly more profitable. The nuclear novel that wins good reviews and has popular appeal is a rare sport.

Paucity of effort and failure of execution cannot be blamed on lack of theme. Consider it: Man turns down a strange road illuminated by the first artificial sun bursting over the Alamogordo desert. His first stop on this road is Hiroshima, his second Nagasaki. He cannot turn back. He knows, absolutely, that to continue in the same direction will be suicidal. It is within his power to break a new path leading to peace and life. Fear, suspicion, and perhaps a death wish urge him to destruction. A basic yearning for immortality, through his children, whispers that he can and must strike out for life.

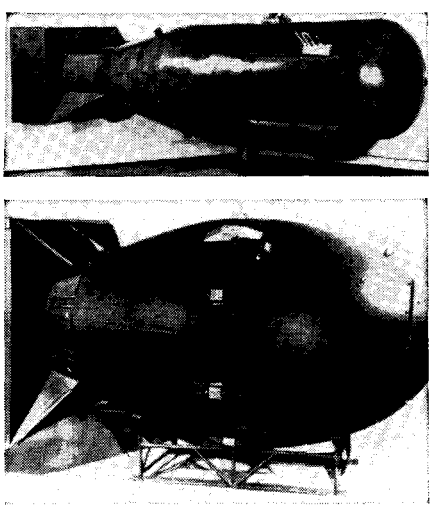
That ought to be enough theme to attract any novelist. As a matter of fact it is too much. He stares at his typewriter and the typewriter stares back and says, "This thing is bigger than both of us." I know. I have tried. I have written two books directly concerned with this theme and others impinging on it. I think it is the duty of the novelist to accept the challenge even when he knows it is beyond his capacity, that he must fail.

The writer should not be inhibited by the secrecy that mantled the birth of the bomb, or the mystery, much of it official and stupid, that has clouded subsequent development. Almost all he needs to know is contained in the Smyth Report. It was written by Dr. Henry DeWolf Smyth, of Princeton and the Manhattan Project, and published under the aegis of the War Department in 1945 under the title "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes."

The Smyth Report is a truly remarkable document, understandable to anyone who can squirm through Physics I. It is so simple and clear that after reading it you should be able to construct a do-it-yourself Mark II A-Bomb (providing you have on hand a few pounds of Uranium-235 or Plutonium). All the French needed to explode their backyard bomb in the Sahara was the Smyth Report and the fissionable material. The Smyth Report, plus an idea and some knowledge of bureaucracy, were all I needed to write "Mr. Adam."

The most remarkable thing about the Smyth Report is that it was published at all. Considering the metastasis of fear and McCarthyism in Washington I doubt that it could be published today. I am quite sure that if the Smyth Report were submitted to the Pentagon's jumpy and obtuse Board of Review, it would be stamped "COSMIC TOP SECRET."

As an illustration of the tenacity of censorship, consider that until December 6, 1960, no photograph of the Hiroshima bomb had ever been released by the Pentagon. It could have been of no more value to the Russians than a picture of a Model-T Ford is to General Motors; but it was stamped "Not Classified But Not Publishable." The novelist need not concern himself with secret weaponry. He cannot possibly imagine weapons more awful than those already stockpiled.



—UPI.

First pictures of atomic bombs used during World War II to be released by AEC—(top) "Little Boy" type, used on Hiroshima, (bottom) "Fat Man" type, used on Nagasaki.

The novelist who chooses a nuclear subject should not be awed by technical complexities, but the facts he sets down on paper must be accurate; and he must have an ear, or an eye, for the jargon of physics, the military, rocketry, and astronomy. Chances are that an important fraction of the reviewers will be scientists who are also frustrated authors, and this is the most dangerous combination a book can face. If a novelist makes one technical error, everything else he says, including his philosophy, will be doubted and ridiculed.

In "On the Beach" the late Nevil Shute did away with *homo sapiens* by the insidious spread of radiation after general war. He has been attacked as an alarmist who presented an exaggerated picture of the possibilities. Actually, Nevil Shute (as Commander Norway of the British Navy) was one of the most brilliant scientists of World War II. He knew more about fallout and radiation than anyone I have met in our Civil Defense establishment. He simply failed to remember that the technology of weaponry moves faster than the business of publishing.

If his detractors reread "On the Beach" they will discover that Shute postulated 1,500 H-Bombs, rigged with cobalt, dumped on various nations. That many cobalt-rigged bombs would certainly do the whole job. Shute apparently didn't know at the time he wrote the book that cobalt-rigged bombs would be discarded as obsolete even before they were produced. They don't have the blast and thermal destructiveness of the triple-decker fission-fusion-fission bombs now so popular everywhere, and available in compact packages at economy prices. Shute innocently fell into the time trap prepared by today's scientists for today's novelists. Between the day a book

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jane Addams: 1860-1960

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

EVEN AS a girl, in the pastoral little community of Cedarville, Illinois, Jane Addams was, she tells us, "busy with the old question eternally suggested by the inequalities of the human lot." There were not many inequalities in Cedarville—certainly few that her just and upright father would recognize, but even here were found poverty and frustration: the war widows, the farmers who could not make a go of it, the newcomers who could scarcely get started. She could sympathize with these for she was herself a misfit—or so she felt—"an ugly, pigeon-toed little girl whose crooked back obliged her to walk with her head held very much on one side," who was constantly fearful that she might embarrass the handsome father she adored. At Rockford Seminary, too (she was chiefly responsible for transforming it into a college), the air was heavy with a sense of responsibility—moral responsibility, and cultural, and perhaps social too. Here one encountered the missionary tradition, the earnest discussion of the purpose of life, the solemn consideration of the role of woman in society.

Her visits abroad strengthened and deepened her concern for the welfare of those whom Jacob Riis was soon to call "the other half." Young Miss Addams had been sent abroad to drink up the culture of the Old World, like any Daisy Miller (Henry James was a fellow passenger), but she would have none of it. She wrote later, and bitterly, of "the sweet dessert in the morning, and the assumption that the sheltered educated girl has nothing to do with the bitter poverty and the social maladjustment which is all about her, and which, after all, cannot be concealed for it breaks through poetry and literature in a burning tide which overwhelms her; it peers at her in the form of heavy-laden market women and underpaid street laborers, gibing her with a sense of her own uselessness." This was true enough for most of the girls who made the grand tour in the comfortable Eighties, but what Jane Addams saw was not so much the galleries as the life of the poor. And it was on one of these visits that her life work became clear to her: she had visited the new and remarkable Toynbee Hall, which applied Christian Socialism to the London poor, and she saw that if she were to fulfill herself she would have to cast her own lot with the poor and the neglected, with those whom Theodore Parker called "the dangerous and perishing classes." With her friend Ellen Starr, another Rockford graduate, she returned to Chicago, and on that long *via dolorosa*, Halsted Street, found a decayed mansion that had belonged to the Hull family. On September 18, 1889, Hull House opened its doors to those who cared to enter, and those doors were never to be closed.

As Jane Addams saw it, there was nothing dramatic about the opening of Hull House, but it was nevertheless a historic event. For here was the beginning of what was to be one of the great social movements in modern America—the settlement house movement; here was a beginning of social work. As yet there was no organized social work in America (the beneficent program of Mary Richmond was still in the future); as yet there was not even any formal study of sociology. It was no accident that the new University of Chicago was to be the center of sociological study in America, and that so many of its professors were intimately associated with Hull House—Albion Small and John Dewey and the wonderful Miss Breckenridge, and the two famous Abbott sisters, Edith and Grace, and thereafter two generations of scholars and reformers.

THE time was ripe, and the place logical. By 1890—just a hundred years after the founding of the Republic—the "Promise of American Life" was becoming an illusion. The extremes of wealth and poverty were as great as those in the Old World. Millions of immigrants crowded into the slums of American cities, constituting a proletariat who were not only impoverished but alien. The Negro had achieved his freedom, but as yet not acceptance or recognition. Unemployment harried the land, organized labor was in retreat. As Woodrow Wilson was to say in his First Inaugural, we were in a hurry to be great, and did not stop "to count the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all has fallen pitilessly the years through." It was the America familiar to us in the novels of Theodore Dreiser, the America that accepted uncritically the grim doctrines of social Darwinism that assured success to the strong and the ruthless and remorselessly condemned the weak and the helpless to defeat. The welfare state was as yet unimagined; even social legislation was mostly a thing of the future. Men worked twelve or fourteen hour a day; women toiled long hours at night as well as day; even little children were unprotected by any enforceable legislation. Slums grew apace, and with them disease and crime and vice; only a few philanthropists talked about model housing.

As for Chicago, all the evils and vices of American life seemed to be exaggerated there. It was, wrote Lincoln Steffens at this time, "first in violence, deepest in dirt; loud, lawless, unlovely, ill-smelling, new; an overgrown gawk of a village, the teeming tough among cities. Criminally it was wide open; commercially it was brazen; and socially it was thoughtless and raw."

If there was one part of Chicago that dramatized all its problems more than any other, it was the five miles of Halsted Street from the Chicago River to the stockyards—the great street teeming with Irish and Germans and Russians and Italians and Poles, lined with dingy saloons, pawnshops, and—on the side streets—houses of prositution. Here Jane Addams came, and Ellen Starr, and Julia Lathrop, and the remarkable Florence Kelley, and the wonderful Dr. Alice Hamilton and a score of other intrepid women and men, to inaugurate what was to be a great experiment but what they thought of as a simple matter of neighborliness.

The first visitor was an old lady who had lived at Brook Farm and had known Emerson and Bronson Alcott and Theodore Parker; soon men and women and children of all ages thronged through the hospitable doors of the old mansion, and before long 2,000 people crossed its portals every day. Hull House caught the imagination of Chicago—as it was to catch the imagination of the whole nation. There were gifts of buildings and of land, and eventually of money, and Hull House grew and expanded until in time it came to be a kind of community center for the whole of Chicago: a boy's club, an art museum, a theatre, a music school, and a dozen other buildings, all in use from morning until late at night. Children came to play; the young to act or to draw or to dance; girls in trouble who had been turned out of their homes; men out of jobs, or in trouble with the law; the sick and the tired and the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frightened and the lonely; and along with them scholars from the University, and clergymen, and debutantes—for Hull House was fashionable. And Jane Addams presided over it all, calm and serene. Nothing was too simple, nothing too difficult. She took care of babies—even acting as midwife, she who had hoped to be a doctor; she planned all the varied activities of the great community, kept the accounts, dealt with the scores of visitors, found work for the eager assistants; she lectured, she wrote articles and books, she carried on a tremendous correspondence with social workers throughout the world; she served on committees and pleaded with legislators and won over Governors. She built a bridge between the immigrants and the old-stock Americans, between the working classes and the immigrants, between the amateur reformers and the professional politicians, who came to respect the woman who stood between private philanthropy and government. She made Hull House a clearing house for every kind of social service, an experimental laboratory in social reform, and in art and music and education as well.

SHE had many talents but none more remarkable than her ability to work from the immediate to the general, from practical problems to philosophy, from the local to the national. She always began with the job at hand, no matter how elementary or undignified: she took on the job of garbage collector for her ward to show how it should be done; she went to the Illinois legislature with case histories of working women to push through labor legislation—legislation struck down by the courts. What she saw of youth on the city streets ended up as a program of school playgrounds, and as the first juvenile courts in the nation.

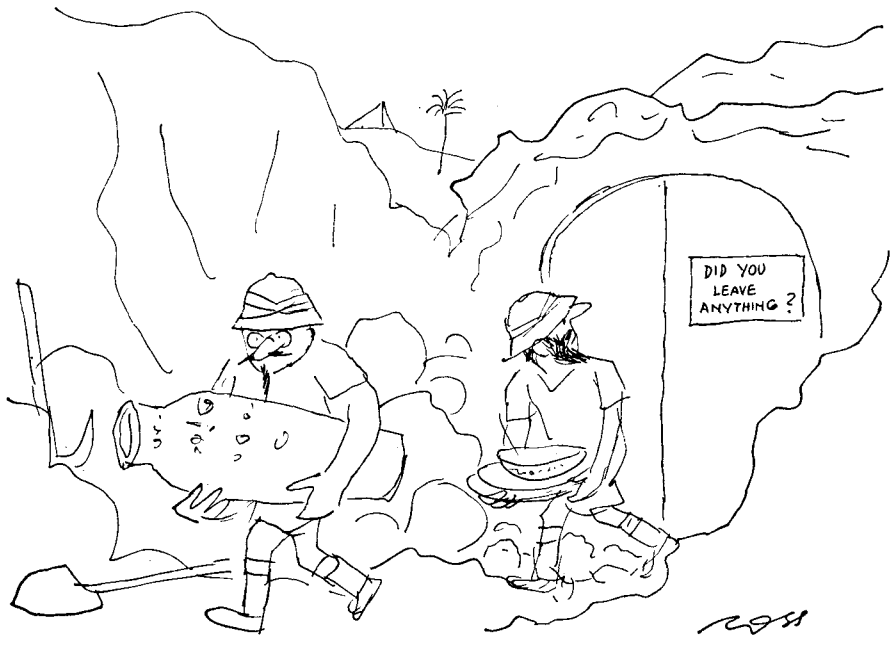
She had another genius, too. "You utter instinctively the truths we others vainly seek," William James wrote. Yet it was not really instinct, but experience and wisdom. Long before Lincoln Steffens, she learned that corruption in politics was not the exclusive privilege of the wicked, and she learned, too, that it was possible to win politicians and spoilsmen to your side. "Democracy and Social Ethics" anticipated E. A. Ross's penetrating discovery that personal virtue was not enough—that social virtue was necessary to triumph over social sin. Her essay on the Pullman strike—"A Modern King Lear"—saw the problem of capital and labor not so much in moral as in psychological terms. And in her appreciation of art as experience, her realization that "life consists of processes . . .," that "democracy is that which affords a rule of living as well as a test of faith," she both anticipated and influenced John Dewey.

YET to what end all of these meliористic activities? "In the face of desperate hunger and need," Jane Addams wrote in 1894, the depth of the great depression, "these activities could not but seem futile and superficial." More and more she came to feel like Alice with the Red Queen: no matter how fast she ran, she was still in the same place: the poverty, the slums, the crime and vice, the misgovernment, the illiteracy, the exploitation were still there. How futile to bind up wounds that should never have been inflicted, to put together parts of lives that should never have been shattered, to rescue girls from the city streets when fair wages would have kept them safely at home in the first place, to give children a chance to play in the late hours of the evening when the whole day should belong to them, to provide emergency nursing for diseases that should never have infected their victims: how futile was the cure, how imperative was prevention!

Very early, therefore, Jane Addams and her Hull House associates entered the political arena. They helped push through labor legislation, set up juvenile courts, provide school playgrounds, work for adequate enforcement of such housing laws, such sanitation laws, as existed, improve the school system; they agitated for broader participation in politics, including woman suffrage. They turned first to the municipal government, notably corrupt; then to Springfield, which was not much better; eventually they looked to Congress. By the end of the first twenty years—those twenty years so lovingly chronicled in one of our great autobiographies—Jane Addams was ready for a national crusade for social justice. Another five or six years and the World War launched her on an international crusade; the last years of her life were dedicated to the cause of peace, and the little girl from Cedarville who had always walked a few steps behind her father ended up by organizing the women of Japan and India for social welfare, of Austria and Italy for peace. She became the first woman to win the Nobel Prize for peace.

Her earlier activities on behalf of labor laws or slum clearance had earned her the suspicion and hostility of businessmen and conservative politicians; her later activities on behalf of what we would call the welfare state and the cause of peace won for her the hatred and contumely of the professional patriots. The American Legion denounced her as un-American, and the Daughters of the American Revolution stigmatized her as "a factor in a movement to destroy civilization and Christianity." She was used to these pin pricks; she had fought stouter opponents back in the Nineties. And besides, these ridiculous dissents were drowned out in a ground swell of acclamation and almost of worship.

Jane Addams had long been the first citizen of Chicago; by the Twenties she was widely regarded as the first citizen of the nation, and she came to occupy something of the place in the affections and admiration of the world that Eleanor Roosevelt holds today. She was, wrote the British labor leader John Burns, "the only saint America had produced," and it was as Saint Jane that she was known not only to her friends but to millions around the earth.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Communications Editor RICHARD L. TOBIN
Education Editor PAUL WOODRING
Production Manager PEARL M. STEINHAUS
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIRSON
General Editor HALLOWELL BOWSER
Feature Editor JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Is a National Peace Corps Enough?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is associate director of the Joint Council on Economic Education and director of the National Conservation and Resource-Use Education Project.*

ON CAMPUSES throughout the nation, thousands of students are no doubt eagerly awaiting an opportunity to serve in the proposed National Peace Corps. By working in the Peace Corps, college graduates would be able to apply their newly acquired skills for the betterment of people in the underdeveloped and emerging nations of the world. Advocates of the Peace Corps proposal stress the good will that would accrue to our nation, as well as the beneficial consequences that would result from the improvement of health, standards of living, education, and resource development in the nations being assisted.

For the young men and women in the Peace Corps, there would be the deep satisfaction of helping to promote peace through alleviating sources of misery, unrest, and misunderstanding. There would also be the practical benefits of developing their professional skills and cultivating their appreciation of other cultures.

There is much merit in the idea of such a program for our youth; its establishment might well make a significant contribution to peace and international well-being. But is a *National* Peace Corps enough?

In this season of hope, it may be appropriate to consider an even broader program, one in which the young men and women of *all* nations might participate. What is proposed are numerous missions for young men and women throughout the world under the auspices of the United Nations—perhaps to be called the Youth Cadres for Peace.

Under such a program, one can visualize a group of young men and women living and working in a tropical village. They are there on an assignment for the World Health Organization. Among the young men and women are doctors, nurses, engineers, biologists, mechanics, carpenters, and others of various professions and occupations. At the same time, another group is carrying out an assignment in Italy for the Food and Agricultural Organization. Among the group are agricultural specialists from the United States and the Soviet Union, economists from India and Argentina, chemists from China and Australia, and an assortment of skilled young men and women from other nations.

UNDER the program, the various agencies of the United Nations would cooperate with all nations to identify, define, and finance jobs that would be within the competence of the Youth Cadres. Young men and women of any nation would be eligible to apply for service in the U.N. Youth Cadres for Peace. They would of course have to meet various requirements relating to such matters as age, length of time available for service, health, and professional and occupational specialties.

After acceptance for service, the members would participate in a training program. One phase of the training would help each person to become a competent interpreter of his nation's economic, political, social, and cultural life. In another phase, the aims and procedures of the U.N. would be stressed and multilingual abilities would be developed. Another major training objective would be to give each cadre a full understanding of the assignment it was being asked to perform and an appreciation of the culture in which it would be working.

Following service in the Youth Cadres, many young men and women might seek careers with the permanent staff of the U.N. Others would probably be sought for service in the state departments or other agencies of their national governments. Through their years of professional and occupational growth in the Youth Cadres, many would return to their nations to pursue careers in private enterprise or as professionals; others might decide to continue a career in one of the nations to which they had been assigned.

THIS, then, is a possible framework for using the resources of young men and women of many nations in the work of the U.N. From such a program, the U.N. would gain renewed strength as a force for improving human welfare and safeguarding peace. All nations would have access to the constructive efforts of dedicated, competent young men and women. Over a period of years, great strides could be made to safeguard and develop the human and natural resources of the world, minimizing the waste and recklessness that might ensue without guidance. The opportunity for young men and women of various nations to live and work side by side would undoubtedly help break down barriers of misunderstanding and create foundations for future cooperation. National leaders might be less inclined to risk war while their young men and women were serving throughout the world.

It is impossible to predict whether a program such as this would be supported by all nations, nor can one foretell how well it might work. But surely the time is right for our nation to lead the way in offering proposals toward the goal of peace—and in welcoming all those who have vision and dedication. In this season of faith, we are justified in having faith that the cause of peace is revered by young men and women in all nations. In this season of hope, we may hope that the youth of our time can be inspired to lead their nations into common efforts for peace. —GEORGE FERSH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SYNCH OR SWIM

I AGREE WITH film critic Hollis Alpert that subtitling foreign language films is far preferable to dubbing in English voices. The lack of synchronization between lip movements and sound was so bothersome in the last two foreign movies I attended that from now on I'll phone the theatre in advance and go only when I'm assured of English subtitles.

MARIE B. HELMS.

Omaha, Neb.

COUNTERATTACKS

IN YOUR November 26 issue, you published a review of my book, "The Purpose of American Politics," in which Professor C. Northcote Parkinson states:

> Immigrants to the United States are made to promise that they will refrain from upsetting the federal constitution. . . . Dr. Morgenthau, however, an immigrant of 1937, comes near to breaking his oath. . . . Asked for his advice on American policy, the late Mr. George Bernard Shaw replied, in effect, "Get rid of your constitution," . . .Dr. Morgenthau reaches virtually the same conclusion. . . .

May I say that this is pure invention. The book nowhere deals with Constitutional reform, let alone advocates the overthrow or the abolition of the Constitution. What I have to say about American domestic politics applies to the processes as they have been established under the Constitution. This must be obvious from even a superficial perusal of the book.

HANS J. MORGENTHAU,
Department of Government,
Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

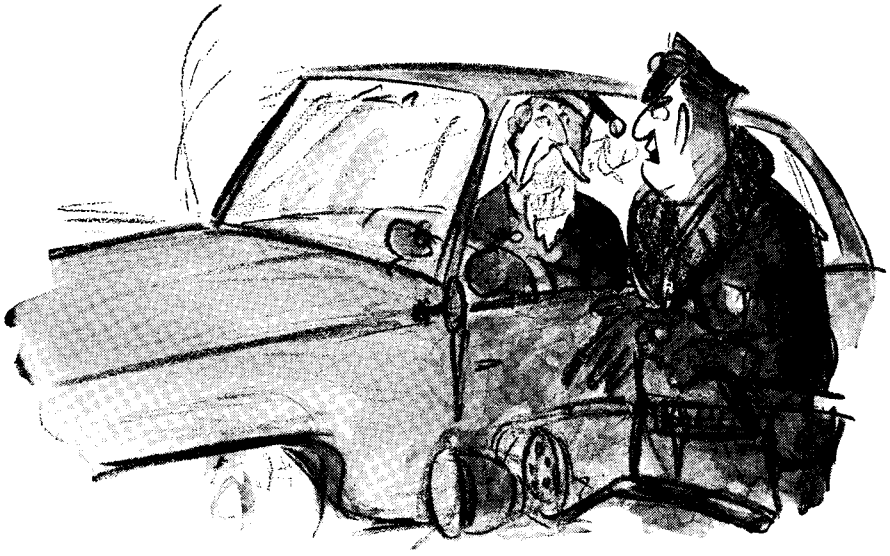
I TRUST that I am but one of many who read with astonishment and horror C. Northcote Parkinson's comment upon the Van Doren case in his review of Morgenthau's "The Purpose of American Politics."

It would seem unlikely that any American who had access to television, radio, or newspaper in late 1959, and thus informed himself of the Van Doren betrayal, could forget it quickly. Nor would he expect it to be forgotten by those who chronicle this decade. Van Doren betrayed an ever-expanding reading public in the United States. More importantly, he betrayed a whole nation of people who had come a long way toward overcoming a peculiarly American disinterest in things intellectual.

Furthermore, if the American professor, as Mr. Parkinson maintains, is to be regarded as "the Organization Man in a certain type of Organization," the United States is closer than even Hans Morgenthau has suggested to loss of purpose. But, as a student at the largest state university in the country, I find scant grounds for this cynicism.

DEBORAH W. WOODWARD.

Berkeley, Calif.



"I suppose you're going to claim diplomatic immunity."

POLITICAL COMPASS POINTS

KENNETH K. KROGH'S article "Needed: New Political Labels" [*SR*, Dec. 3] represents a much-needed breakthrough in the semantics of political terminology. The timeliness of the article on the eve of a new administration with a liberal philosophy of government should go far toward allaying the artificial fears of the conservatives.

WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Ontario, Calif.

OF COURSE Communism and Fascism are similar, and should be placed side by side instead of at opposite ends of the political spectrum.

The problem is easily solved by thinking of the political spectrum as a sphere like the earth, with the political philosophies taking the place of time zones. Communism and Fascism would meet at the International Date Line—theoretically the farthest apart of any two zones, but actually contiguous.

MERRILL MARTIN.

New York, N. Y.

MR. KROGH makes some good points in his case for new political labels. But I believe he has missed a significant point in his analysis of the left-right concept. His diagram showing Communism on the extreme left, liberalism and conservatism in the middle, and Fascism on the extreme right serves fairly well to illustrate economic, as opposed to political, differences.

The distinction between the political and the economic, of course, is no absolute dichotomy. But the prevalent error today is to assume that the economic system determines the political system. Let's restrict the left-right framework strictly to economics and set up a democratic-totalitarian framework for politics.

C. W. GRIFFIN.

Denville, N. J.

I WOULD LIKE to pass along to Kenneth K. Krogh my grateful congratulations. The idea with which his article deals is one that has been hiding from the majority of political scientists, to the dismay of many readers who have sensed, dimly, what Mr. Krogh has so clearly expressed.

I await his book with impatience; it is conceivable that it could so influence the course of the future that there would be human history to record, rather than an extinction of humanity.

(Miss) E. L. STEVENSON.

Sacramento, Calif.

ROUND TWO

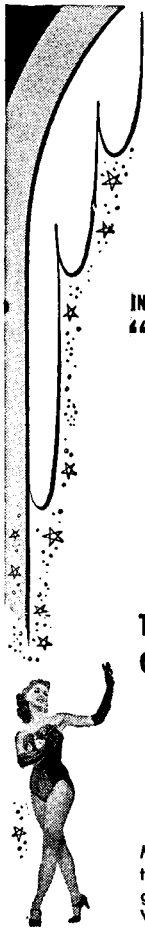
MAY I ADD my six cents' worth (in devaluated currency) to what I presume may be the first round in a Rabbi Aaron Pearl *vs.* Columnist Jerome Beatty, Jr., controversy [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Nov. 26]?

It seems to me the good rabbi is slightly off course in his laudable quest for more tolerance on this earth. It seems to me he is asking authors of works of pure fiction and fantasy to observe the same sense of responsibility that he—perhaps rightly—believes authors of works avowedly sociological should have. Would Rabbi Pearl be so good as to define "literary responsibility"? As I see it, the only responsibility an author of fiction has is to his artistic conscience if he has one. If he hasn't, the critics will take care of him.

MICHAEL ROTHKRUG.

Westport, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600

DEBORAH KERR
ROBERT MITCHUM
PETER USTINOV
IN FRED ZINNEMANN'S PRODUCTION OF
"THE SUNDOWNERS"

Co-Starring
GLYNIS JOHNS
DINA MERRILL
CHIPS RAFFERTY • MICHAEL ANDERSON, JR.
Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART
Music Composed and Conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin
Directed by **Fred Zinnemann**
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
in TECHNICOLOR®

•

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW

"The Nativity,"
Far-famed pageant of the First Christmas
"HOLIDAY WISHES"
Merry new extravaganza, featuring Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, guest artists, specialty acts, Vocal Ensemble, and Symphony Orchestra.

An Evening with
NICHOLS AND MAY
"BRILLIANT!"
—Watts, Post
Mercury RECORDS

GOLDEN THEATRE, W. 45TH ST., CI 6-6740

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ Three years $16—

☐ Two years $12—

☐ One year $7—

(Above rates apply to U.S., its possessions and Canada; elsewhere, add $2 per year)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Zone_____ State_____

12/24

Allow four weeks for delivery of first copy.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Big Deal on 44th Street

BROADWAY'S newest extravaganza, "**Camelot,**" is the stillborn creation of Alan Jay Lerner and Fritz Loewe, who have applied their energy to the formidable task of making the highlights of T. H. White's long novel, "The Once and Future King," into a musical comedy. Unfortunately, their prolonged labor delivers an almost completely unenchanting fable without even the partial compensation of the occasional felicitous musical number that one can usually find in even the most inadequate musicals.

For two and a half hours wooden figures out of the Arthurian legend parade in lavish costumes against coldly lit, garish scenery, and almost the only sign of life or consistency of style is Richard Burton's heroic attempt to make Arthur so deeply passionate that we will somehow care about the empty and disparate goings-on around him.

Mr. Burton's task is, alas, a hopeless one. He can relate Arthur's youth only in retrospect. Arthur's love for Guinevere seems nominal because of the icy and even malicious Puritan Julie Andrews is playing. Arthur's project to change the feuding world into a medieval U.N. is too lightly outlined and too easily achieved to become very interesting. The friendship with his fellow knight, Lancelot, is, so far as anyone can see, based upon the abstraction of the virtues Robert Goulet is stiffly presenting rather than upon some love-inspiring reality. And, because of the simplification musical comedies require, the tragic ending seems merely the result of cheap tricks by the nasty Mordred, played capriciously by Roddy McDowall.

Another difficulty is provided by the fact that at one moment the show seems romance, at another sociological thesis, at another parody. When it is not seeming one of these, it merely subsides into unimaginative illustrations of mythological history. And the settings, with Oliver Smith's strangely clashing mixtures of color and style, Feder's glary lighting which is hostile to the development of mood, and the limited use of dance as a reaction to events, all act against the flow and spontaneity of the show.

But least understandable of all is the lack of distinction in the songs. There is only one lyric I can remember ("time for ev'ry frivolous whim, proper or im-"). The two most memorable songs, "Camelot" and "What Do Simple Folk Do?" seem derived from familiar tunes. "Before I Gaze at You Again" would seem more appropriate to graduation-day ceremonies than to personal romance. And while it is possible that some of the songs, such as "The Seven Deadly Virtues," would have been more effective had there been time to build up the situation that evoked them, they have little impact in their present context.

The failure of "Camelot" should not be viewed as an accident. Rather, it is simply the latest in a growing number of presold, prepackaged, overlabored duds by writers and producers who are trying to live up to misguided preconceptions of what the public expects.

TO SEE what can be done when people are relaxed, freely imaginative, and unfamous, please note "**The Fantasticks**" at the Sullivan Street Playhouse. With each Broadway disappointment, its chances of being voted the best musical of the season increase.

And almost as wonderful in a different way is "**Stewed Prunes,**" which began as a coffeehouse revue, moved to midnight showings at Circle-in-the-Square, and is now installed in a New York nightclub called Jim Eiler's Showplace (146 West Fourth Street). Composed of absurd sketches performed by three people, it is the Off-Broadway equivalent of "La Plume de Ma Tante."

The cast of "Stewed Prunes" is made up of three young graduates of Emerson College, MacIntyre Dixon, Lynda Segal, and Richard Libertini. Out of improvisations directed by Tullio Garzone, they have arrived at a series of sketches that wildly mock the conventional sentimentalities of our day. There is a delivery of "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt" by an actor dressed in house-painter's overalls who, for the first time in theatrical history, takes the lines literally, fading away before our eyes. There is a Chaplinesque number in which an eager entrepreneur goes so far in his anxiety to entertain that, much to his consternation, his *pièce de résistance*, a mechanical doll, keeps on performing after it is unplugged. These sketches are interspersed with choked-up announcements that "There will be no performance of 'The Red Shoes' tonight," and that "There will be a performance of 'The Red Shoes' tonight" and a sketch in which an onstage con-

(*Continued on page* 56)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Farrell and the Test of "Alceste"—Bohm

FOR YEARS the imposing soprano sound and increasingly high musical standards of Eileen Farrell have put her in the preferable of the two questionable categories assigned to a singer of her prominence: "Why isn't she at the Metropolitan?" rather than "Why is she at the Metropolitan?" Now that what is no longer evitable has occurred in Gluck's "Alceste" the question could be backdated to read: "Why didn't she devote herself to such roles before this?"

Miss Farrell met the challenge of Gluck's long lines and breath-consuming phrases with a rolling roundness of sound, a seamless evenness of quality from top to bottom, which are, in totality, as powerful a sample of artistic mind guiding physical matter as the management has sponsored in half a decade, anyway. But there were checks and balances even so. Possibly Miss Farrell's top tones had a power and brilliance a few years ago which have diminished somewhat; but there is no doubt that she is now a much surer artist, impelled by a stronger sense of purpose than ever before. The mere ability to enunciate the English language as clearly as she does is a skill taking years to perfect and one which will continue to be an asset as time and usage wear down vocal strength.

From her first entrance in a role which she had not previously sung in public, on a stage wholly new to her, Miss Farrell was authoritatively abreast of the searching demands Gluck makes on an Alceste. There was, for a while, a little shortness of breath, due to momentary excitement. But the shattering applause that greeted "Divinitees du Styx" at the end of Act I was only partially a product of pent-up emotion among some in the audience who had waited twenty years for this opportunity: it was a tribute, honestly earned, to the kind of vocal art of which no opera house ever has an excess.

So much for voice, and its capacity to meet the Met test in "Alceste" cleanly and convincingly. Miss Farrell has appeared in an opera, which is not quite the same thing as being an opera singer. The source of her power is a figure both short and broad: she derives no benefit from her visual presence—in fact, she must constantly work against its lack of illusion. I would be surprised if her real utility extended beyond special projects ingeniously contrived to exploit her strengths and minimize her weaknesses; but there should be more than a few of these in the future in which her sizable gifts of voice, her strong powers of communication, and her impact on an audience can be made meaningful.

This "Alceste" itself is a prime example of such a special project, designed around, arranged for, and substantially subservient to the skills Miss Farrell brings to the Met. In the circumstances it is perhaps as well that Michael Manuel (a member of the Metropolitan's technical coterie) staged as well as designed the opera. Neither overshadowed the other, and the two elements worked well together—though I am not convinced that Miss Farrell need be quite so immobile as Manuel decreed in Acts I and II. What she had to do, in getting from point to point in Act III, she did well.

As spectacle, Manuel has served Gluck best in his highly successful temple scene, with a perspective of flanking columns artfully receding from a high platform in midstage. Each of the others (beginning with one which grouped four heroic statues suggesting grief, remorse, contrition, and supplication) had possibilities not wholly realized, due, perhaps, to inadequate lighting. Manuel's stage direction had the virtue of not indulging fluttery activity at variance with the subject and its setting; but a little more animation would not have been amiss.

Erich Leinsdorf's musical direction was fully assured, wholly composed throughout: repetitions may well bring a freedom and impulse lacking in this premiere. Next to the orchestra, the best musical effort was provided by Kurt Adler's fine chorus, followed at various distances by Nicolai Gedda's fluent, somewhat fatuous Admetus and the dignified but vocally dry High Priest of Walter Cassel, with capable work by William Olvis as Apollo, Calvin Marsh as the Herald, and Norman Scott as Leader of the People. Antony Tudor's choreography unfortunately was in that all too familiar condition of semi-completion associated with his premieres; and the completed half was not well performed. Nevertheless, for Farrell, for Leinsdorf, for all in all, this "Alcestis" is much more than less worth seeing and hearing.

A day of Puccini brought an afternoon "Manon Lescaut" in which Dorothy Kirsten performed one of her best roles with more vocal suavity, a surer sense of artistic purpose than anything she has sung here in the past,

tick, tick.

Maybe you don't remember the first tick, tick of the alarm clock . . . or the excitement you felt at the tiny sound of Pop's key turning in the lock.

Alas. With time, we "forget how to listen," forget how interesting pure, clear sound can be. But for many a grownup an adventure in purity of sound still lies ahead.

Record with Audiotape, and find out!

The remarkable quality of this tape means less distortion, less background noise, less echo, more clarity, more range. It's your silent (but knowledgeable) partner in capturing fresh, clear, memorable sound.

For Christmas giving! Audiotape . . . "bonus" packs—magnificent recordings plus blank tapes! Ask your dealer!

Remember: if it's worth recording, it's worth Audiotape. There are eight types . . . one exactly suited to the next recording you make!

audiotape
TRADE MARK

AUDIO DEVICES INC., 444 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Hollywood: 840 N. Fairfax Ave., Chicago: 5428 N. Milwaukee Ave.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a "Bohème" in which Lisa Della Casa sang Mimi with fluent ease as well as dramatizing her appealingly. Extroversion is not Della Casa's strong talent, but when such good sound is combined with such good sense, the outcome is decidedly worth while. Richard Tucker spread good cheer as well as abundant vocal power in a company of Bohemians otherwise notable for youth as well as promise: Roald Reitan as Schaunard, Lorenzo Testi as Marcello, and particularly Bonaldo Giaiotti, who emerged from his enfolding robes as a High Priest in "Nabucco" to show himself possessed of an attractive appearance as well as a sonorous bass voice. Thomas Schippers was the conductor.

Another conductor familiar to the Metropolitan audience made his first appearance with the New York Philharmonic as Karl Böhm proved to be as methodical a man on the concert platform, as he is in the opera house. He is the kind of conductor whose work, sight unseen in a program of Mozart, Hindemith, and Brahms, would suggest no particular name, but whose name, once known, could be readily identified with everything heard.

Whether the work in hand is Mozart (Symphony No. 34), Brahms (E minor Symphony No. 4), or Hindemith ("Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber"), Böhm encourages no excess, while indulging no sloth. His concept of music is as far from perfunctory as it is remote from overpowering: he is an i-dotter, a t-crosser, a man who minds his musical Ps and Qs, without ever forgetting his ABCs. That there might also be an *x* factor in the relationship of conductor, orchestra, and music tends to be omitted from his special kind of musical Alpha Beta.

Thus his evening with the Philharmonic, if not precisely exhilarating, was never in the least aggravating. One might note, now and then, a want of something excluded: but no one could take exception to what was included. This applies even to the Hindemith (which Böhm was conducting enthusiastically in Vienna a decade ago), which went very well as far it went. But it would have gone a bit farther in the right direction had Böhm known the jazz derivation of the trombone smears Hindemith wrote into the "Turandot" scherzo of this New Haven work of 1943, rather than performing them precisely, metronomically, and unidiomatically. Possibly this is the way they grow musicians in Graz: for Böhm is a son of the same Austrian town which provided the equally literal-minded Hans Rosbaud, his predecessor on the Philharmonic podium, who was born one year later (1895).

—Irving Kolodin.

TV AND RADIO

Intertel and Grass Roots

THE LAUNCHING of Intertel (International Television Federation), recently announced in the press, has more to it than a casual glance suggests, particularly for television stations in the United States where alert managers would like to build their local public-service images. Five television networks have pooled their resources in Intertel for the production of twelve one-hour documentaries. The networks are the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company and the National Educational Television and Radio Center (U.S.), Associated Rediffusion (Great Britain), and the Australian and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporations. This is a unique blending of commercial and educational broadcasters in a highly meritorious enterprise. Each network will send its own talent to another network's area to produce a commentary on an aspect of national life. Production facilities will be furnished by the host network. All commentaries will be shown on all participating networks, in a sort of "you look at me and I'll look at you and we'll all see each other better" exchange.

In the U.S., the Westinghouse network will attempt to sell the twelve documentaries to sponsors on its five stations. The NETRC will distribute the program noncommercially over its forty-eight-station educational television network. An excellent feature of the Intertel arrangement is an agreement that all programs must be shown in prime time (7 to 11 P.M. in local zones). The educational broadcasters and Westinghouse, as partners, will each have the right to sell all twelve programs for first runs in all American cities where neither partner has shown them. The economics of the arrangement now becomes significant. The American partners will collaborate in producing four programs in the series, at an individual program cost of $40,000. Actual cost to each partner for the entire series will therefore be roughly $6,666 per program. This, in itself, is a ridiculously low figure for an hour-long, top-quality foreign documentary production. Commercial networks may expend closer to $100,000 each for similar foreign documentaries. Having quickly overamortized their production cost for the entire series in their own first runs, NETRC and Westinghouse could then offer their twelve programs to commercial stations at prices related to the local rate card.

Commercial stations now have more flexibility in local prime-time scheduling. Each city usually has at least one industrial company sensitive to its corporate image and amenable to public-affairs programming. Local banks, utilities, and the like are potential sponsors for quality documentaries. The opportunity for a station and a local sponsor to buy first-class, first-run, internationally produced, hour-long documentaries at bargain-basement prices is unprecedented.

The spirit of cooperation manifested in Intertel does not eliminate the competitive spirit likely to be present in the pursuit of program excellence. The British are old hands at quality in public-affairs broadcasting; the two American members of the team will be extending themselves to attain comparable standards. Indeed, the fact that each program will be produced not for showing in only one nation, but in all Intertel nations (and potentially, via voice dubbing, in non-English-speaking countries), will tend to lift the sights of each production unit. All units will be working at the level of international communication, where national parochialisms will be quickly apparent and embarrassing.

There is, of course, the question of the degree of penetration which producers will permit themselves in the commentaries. Profiling a friendly neighbor has its built-in self-inhibitions. A recent BBC production showing the forces of dissent in the U.S. resulted in the questioning of Kenneth Tynan, the critic who produced the program for the BBC, by a Congressional committee. The major American networks are perhaps more sensitive to the State Department in the International area than (we hope) NETRC and Westinghouse will have to be. For the viewer, the gains to be anticipated in public-affairs programs, at prime time, easily outweigh the inevitable editorial limitations that may come with the Intertel package. If I were a station manager, I wouldn't wait until next year when the Intertel twelve are produced. I would move immediately for an exclusive option on the entire series for my city. Creative international cooperation always has a bonus feedback to the grass roots.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

A Note on Art Criticism

WHY SO many distinguished musicians, writers, actors, composers, architects, painters, and sculptors view present-day criticism with disdain, even repugnance, is a question worth considering. Granted that professional artists have always been suspicious of the power vested in critics, still their alarm today seems eminently justified in view of the vast new audiences produced by mass media publications. Saddening is the thought that careers of promising young artists can be seriously damaged (albeit rarely destroyed) by casual words published so widely as to assume magnified importance.

It is commonly thought that all criticism related to the arts, whether to the theatre, music, literature, painting, or sculpture, is limited by similar problems. Yet I believe this is not quite true. In the case of the fine arts (to which I shall restrict myself here) one distinctive condition makes the critic's work particularly hazardous. I refer to the time element involved—the time required to "look at" though not necessarily "see" a work of art. Where music, the dance, theatre, literature, and architecture are concerned, the most unprincipled reviewer must reserve at least a minimum span of time for listening, looking, or reading. He cannot accept in a split second his first emotional response. By the mere nature of these other arts, time is required to experience them, no matter how abortively or superficially they are sampled. But a painting can be viewed immediately in its entirety, thus guaranteeing not even a modicum of enforced contemplation.

Therefore, notwithstanding other difficulties, art critics are also subjected to the hazards of exorbitant haste. They can literally gallop from one exhibition to another, recording their "impressions" with lightning phrases not always backed by knowledge, wisdom, or compassion. To judge the concentrated efforts of long years in mere seconds is little less than criminal. And since the more one knows about a given work, the better equipped one is to evaluate it, time for study is doubly imperative. Why, when, how, and where the work of art was made, its title, the purpose of the artist, his life and environment—these are all clues to greater understanding. Imagine examining a watercolor by Paul Klee without consulting its often tenuous but nonetheless revealing title, or a painting by Van Gogh without reading his letters. Every scrap of information helps unlock closed minds and open blind eyes.

THUS it comes as something of a shock to realize that today there are critics who advocate avoiding all personal contacts with creative artists, lest impartial judgments be threatened. How impartial judgments can exist where art is concerned, where strong emotions and total involvement are prerequisites of understanding, is an enigma to me. Criticism becomes meaningless pomposity if projected solely in terms of final opinions, moral assessments, and cerebral pronouncements. Not from polite interviews but from friendship and warm familiarity with artists themselves comes an understanding of their aims, their motivations, and, most important, their work. Nothing can substitute for the revealing experience of seeing a man's paintings, one by one, in his own studio. And when studying an earlier master, how often do we long to unravel secrets that only personal contacts might have disclosed.

Sympathetic relationships with living artists, far from jeopardizing a critic's integrity, clarify it, unless he totally mistakes his role. For to my mind he is *not* an all-powerful judge but ideally an anonymous voice acting as liaison between the public and the artist. As such, he must know the past in order to interpret the present; he must also be steeped in his own period, for without history's sanction the art of today becomes increasingly bewildering to the layman in direct proportion to the degree it predicts the future more than it reflects the present.

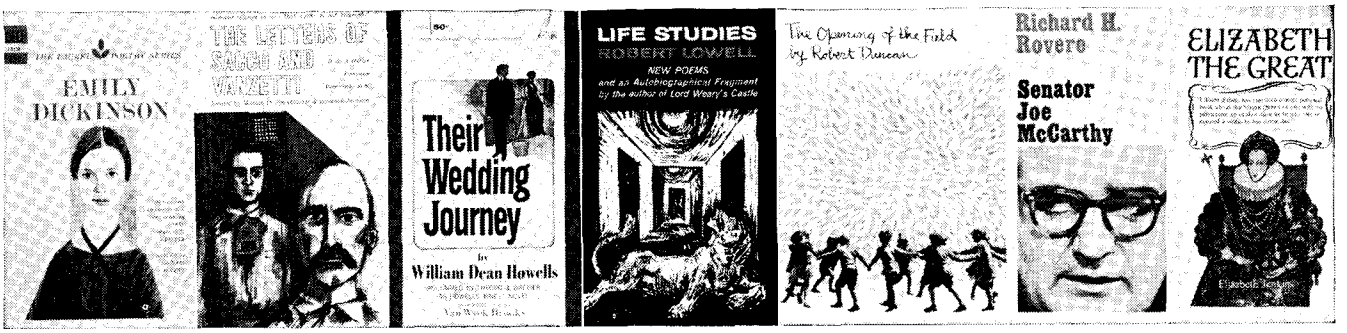
With but rare exceptions most art critics from earlier times are now forgotten men, though the very artists they failed to recognize may today be household names. Those few critics who are still remembered, men like Rilke, Ruskin, and Baudelaire, were frequently creative writers whose work, despite possible errors of judgment, was charged with vision and poetry. Too often art critics are frustrated painters and sculptors unfortunately not always liberated from their own bitter if unconscious disappointments.

Perhaps the most serious failure in present-day criticism results from exaggerated ego drives which permit art reviewers to posture as moral arbiters, carrying their zeal so far as to advise artists how to paint, what to think, what to paint, and what not to paint. This kind of indulgent paternalism is sometimes accompanied by jocular quips particularly acceptable to the uninformed who, when confronted by ideas too new for them, are delighted to find their own inadequacies reinforced by printed words—words which can occasionally boomerang with an uncomfortable ring. Almost as disconcerting as the inability to recognize and interpret promising contemporary works is the passionate partisanship of those critics who lay claim to the "discovery" of certain artists and movements. Years ago I recall once saying that no one ever discovers an artist; it is he who discovers himself. I still stand by that statement, though there is no doubt that foresighted critics can do much to foster interesting experimental movements, provided their identification does not become so close that other important art developments are neglected.

If an art critic is neither a reporter who faithfully describes what he sees, nor a historian who musters scholarly facts in relation to their chronological evolution, what then is he? What is his function? This, of course, depends in part on the publication he represents, but at best he is that much-needed and rarely found phenomenon, the man with no axe to grind who knows his subject well enough to interpret it to the layman with intensity, humility, devotion, and integrity. This man needs none of the fancy pseudo-technical jargon which today often compensates for lack of knowledge and sensibility. It is for him neither to damn nor to promote. He has the unique opportunity of explaining and interpreting art to a public he guides rather than leads. Obviously he must select and reject, but one can only hope that rejection does not dominate his thinking. Paradoxically, his work becomes creative only in so far as it willingly remains subservient to the far more creative forces which are its *raison d'être*.

—KATHARINE KUH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

NEXT TO MONEY for a gift, paperbacks are always the right size, color, and shape—especially for a Christmas stocking. Depending on the size of the stocking, they can range from the scholarly tome to a slim volume of verse, like "**Emily Dickinson**" in the Laurel edition (35¢). Here are a few titles culled from the year's list that would make especially fine gifts:

Most everybody likes the movies, but for the real devotee there is probably no more appropriate gift than Marie Seton's biography of the great Russian director, "**Sergei M. Eisenstein**" (Evergreen, $2.95), or the amply illustrated volume, "**The Japanese Film**" (Evergreen, $2.95), written by Joseph L. Anderson and Donald Richie.

There's certain to be a theatre-goer on your list and for him Max Beerbohm's "**Selections from Around Theatre**" (Anchor, $1.45) is almost as choice as a pair of orchestra seats to "Irma la Douce." Speaking of Beerbohm, another delightful book and an appropriate Yule gift is "**And Even Now and A Christmas Garland**" (Everyman, $1.85), which includes among its essays and parodies that brilliant piece mocking Henry James's convoluted style, "The Mote in the Middle Distance."

It's almost impossible to suggest the "best" among the prodigious selection of fiction. Almost any of Meridian's fiction series would flatter a friend's taste (and your own). We recommend most heartily Sybille Bedford's story of pre-World War I aristocracy, "**A Legacy,**" ($1.45) and Muriel Spark's ingenious "**Memento Mori**" ($1.25). A set of Joseph Conrad novels would make a splendid gift. Anchor has seven volumes in paperback ranging in price from 95¢ to $1.45; Signet and Pyramid also have published Conrad novels. And for a really extravagant present, Dell's Laurel Shakespeare series allows you to give all sixteen volumes for just over five dollars.

Probably the best buy in paperbacks is the art books. Laurence Binyon's "**Painting in the Far East**" (Dover, $2), "**Picasso**" (Praeger, $2.95), by Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard, and some of the Evergreen Gallery Books, particularly "**De Kooning**" ($1.95), by Harriet Janis and Rudi Blesh, are hard to beat.

A gracious compliment to be presented to the hostess on Christmas Day is "**The Alice B. Toklas Cookbook**" (Anchor, $1.45). Even if she doesn't have the required pigeon breasts and champagne handy, it's a lovely, mouth-watering experience just to browse through its pages. . . . And for your card-playing friends, famed British bridge player Terence Reese has written "**Bridge Player's Dictionary**" (Barnes & Noble, $1.25), which will settle all table arguments from "Ace Values" to "Yarborough." . . . Two books forever recommended for "children of all ages" are "**The Wizard of Oz**" (Crest, 35¢) and "**Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**" (Washington Square Press, 35¢). Each has the original illustrations. . . . In case anyone you know likes to gather at the piano after a hearty Christmas feast, Theodore Bikel's "**Folksongs and Footnotes**" (Meridian, $2.95) will provide the words and music to eighty-four songs, ranging from "Greensleeves" to "Los Cuatro Muleros." . . . Then there is "**Paper Folding for Beginners**" (Dover, $1), in which William Murray and Francis Rigby tell you how to make all kinds of fanciful items—birds, pagodas, windmills—from scraps of ordinary paper.

You're certain to have someone on your list who has "read everything." Try him with "**Chin P'ing Mei**" (Capricorn, $2.45), the 863-page "Chinese Decameron." Then there's "**The Book of Delight**" (Columbia, $1.50), a collection of stories and anecdotes written by a twelfth-century Spanish doctor.

But don't take our word for it. Try the bookstores yourself. You're sure to end up buying a few presents for yourself!

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

In his perceptive and level-headed introduction to "**Jack London Short Stories**" (Hill & Wang, $1.75), Maxwell Geismar describes London as "one of the few authentic 'proletarian' and class-conscious writers in our literature." Very popular in the Soviet Union, London has been out of literary favor in this country, a situation that the paperback publishers seem determined to rectify. Both "**The Mutiny of the Elsinore**" (Popular, 35¢) and "**The Sea Wolf**" (Bantam, 50¢) have just been released. The latter is probably London's best-known book and introduces the tyrannical sea captain, Wolfe Larsen, whom Geismar aptly refers to as a "sort of nautical Nietzsche."

The first publication in the Premier American Realism series, edited by Van Wyck Brooks, is William Dean Howells's "**Their Wedding Journey**" (50¢). "Our descendants will find nowhere so faithful and pleasing a picture of our existence," wrote Henry Adams of this first novel by Howells. The story is a slender tale of newlyweds Basil and Isabel March on their trip to Niagara Falls in the 1870s.

Like Howells, Elizabeth Taylor is more interested in a careful, subtle delineation of character than a racing plot. "**A Wreath of Roses**" (Everyman, $1.35) tells of three women—a governess turned artist, a vivacious young woman married to the vicar, and a schoolteacher rapidly becoming, much against her will, a waspish spinster—on their annual summer holiday.

BIOGRAPHY

"Life is action and passion. I think it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his words are the theme of Catherine Drinker Bowen's biography of the Supreme Court Justice,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yankee from Olympus" (Bantam, 75¢). In Miss Bowen's study, Holmes, "the Great Dissenter," appears not only as the stern New England aristocrat but as tender husband, devoted friend, and passionate seeker after knowledge.

Another distinguished woman biographer is Elizabeth Jenkins. Her study **"Elizabeth the Great"** (Perma, 50¢) is a persuasive account of the queen against the background of a rich and complex age. Throughout the book Miss Jenkins conveys a sense of what Elizabeth was really like—with her personal pettiness in contrast to her eloquent devotion to England.

"No bolder seditionist ever moved among us—nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind," writes Richard H. Rovere in **"Senator Joe McCarthy"** (Meridian, $1.25). Rovere's book cuts swiftly to the heart of the McCarthy phenomenon, tracing the rapid rise and fall of the Senator from Wisconsin. This is not only a study of the man, but of the forces within the American people that were receptive to his powers.

"The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti" (Everyman, $1.85), edited by Marion D. Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson, was first published in 1928, the year after the men were executed for a South Braintree, Mass., holdup murder. The book contains their correspondence to friends, family, and well-wishers during the seven years of their imprisonment, a résumé of the case, and their own statements.

The casual, elegant essays in **"Portraits from Life"** (Gateway, $1.95) offer from Ford Madox Ford's own acquaintance insights into the lives of authors. His pieces on H. G. Wells, Dreiser, Galsworthy are filled with keen perceptions about these literary men. But outstanding in this collection are the essays, "The Master," on Henry James, and "The Beautiful Genius," a marvelous recollection of Ford's childhood meeting with Turgenev.

THEATRE

The Swedish dramatist August Strindberg wrote plays distinguished for their psychological insights and harsh reality. Among them are "The Father" and "Miss Julie," which are the best known and most frequently performed. **"Seven Plays"** (Bantam, 75¢), translated by Arvid Paulson, include the two mentioned as well as five others written between 1886 and 1900. But Strindberg later turned to expressionist drama like **"The Road to Damascus"** (Evergreen, $1.95), a murky and symbolic trilogy. Written as three separate plays, it is actually one long sequence about a "Stranger" and a "Lady," whose anguishes resemble those of the playwright and his wife.

A. M. Nagler's **"A Source Book in Theatrical History"** (Dover, $2.75) is a fascinating book for anyone interested in the stage. Using the accounts of contemporary observers, this is a comprehensive survey of the drama, including Pollux's second-century notes on masks and scenery of the Greek theatre, Goethe's rules for actors ("how to make a beautiful, contemplative stance"), and Stanislavsky's reminiscences on the Moscow Art Theatre.

POETRY

One of the outstanding projects of paperback publishers is the publication in inexpensive format of the poetry of contemporary writers. The Macmillan Poets is a pioneer series. The two new books of verse on its fall list are Theodore Weiss's **"Outlanders"** ($1.35) and W. S. Merwin's **"The Drunk in the Furnace"** ($1.25), a title, by the way, that gives no indication of the subtle, precise quality of the poetry.

Another American poet whose work appears as a paperback "original" is Robert Duncan, whose voice is loud in the San Francisco "literary renascence." The verse in **"The Opening of the Field"** (Evergreen, $1.45) rushes forward in a variety of rhythms and Hopkins-like inner rhyme.

Robert Lowell, one of the more distinguished members of our modern poets, is represented in paperback with his collection, **"Life Studies"** (Vintage, 95¢), which includes as well as the poems a lengthy autobiographical section entitled "91 Revere Street."

E. J. Trelawny was himself an adventurer, a world traveler, a Romantic. The great event of his life occurred when, as a young man, he spent several weeks with Shelley and Byron in Italy. But the weeks, few as they were, were crucial ones for it was at this time in 1822 that Shelley was drowned. In **"The Last Days of Shelley and Byron"** (Anchor original, 95¢), Trelawny recalls with a chilling reality those final hours, including the cremation of Shelley, when Trelawny seized the poet's heart from the flames. J. E. Morpungo has added notes to fill the gaps in Trelawny's recollections.

THE LAND OF BOHEMIA, according to Gelett Burgess's 1896 map, is a small country bordered by Vagabondia, Licentia, Philistia, and, to the north, by the Sea of Dreams. In **"Garretts and Pretenders"** (Dover, $1.95), Albert Parry explores its hills and valleys, recalls its history, and its most famous inhabitants. Beginning with Edgar Allan Poe, a Bohemian "at its rarest and best," he follows the path of almost forgotten Bohemians like Ada Clare, the Queen of Bohemia, who held court at Pfaff's lower Broadway saloon; Nantucket-born Henry Clapp, King of Bohemia, and Joe Gould, who for more than forty years collected lore for his "Oral History of the Universe." Mr. Parry's account is brought up to date by a chapter on his visit in 1948 to a much changed Greenwich Village.

Drawing by Hans Stengel for "The Quill" (June, 1924)

Maxwell Bodenheim, drawn by Gene Markey.

—Courtesy of the Artist (John Huehnergarth) © 1959, N. Y. Times Book Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man Against the Mobs

"The Dry and Lawless Years," by Judge John H. Lyle *(Prentice-Hall. 301 pp. $4.95), tells about the author's battles against organized crime in Chicago. Among his many other works, Quentin Reynolds wrote "I, Willie Sutton."*

By Quentin Reynolds

JOHN LYLE was eighteen when he deserted eastern Tennessee for Chicago. As he emerged from the Park Row station on Chicago's lake front, carrying two bags, he gaped at the tallest buildings he had ever seen. Then he became aware of the presence of a hand in his hip pocket, where he kept his wallet. He let out a yell and dropped his bags. The pickpocket scurried away. A policeman appeared and young Lyle cried out, "Catch that thief! He tried to rob me."

The policeman scowled. "You're blocking traffic. You are creating a disturbance. Move along now or I'll run you in."

John Lyle listened in amazement. He, the innocent man, was threatened with arrest while the real culprit was allowed to go unpunished. That was his introduction to crime in Chicago.

In "The Dry and Lawless Years" John Lyle tells of his experiences with organized crime. The credentials he presents are impressive. He worked his way through law school, served for three years in the State Senate, was elected alderman, subsequently won the office of judge, lost the mayoralty election by a narrow margin, and ever since has been closely associated with the Chicago Crime Commission. His book focuses its attention chiefly on the 1920s, and if much of the material is familiar, a great deal of it is brand new.

When he ascended the judge's bench Lyle began what was almost a one-man campaign against the entrenched mobs. This was no easy assignment; even Charles C. Fitzmorris, police chief under Mayor William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson, wailed publicly that 60 per cent of his force was in the bootleg business. Judge Lyle was the first to set bonds of $100,000 for the racketeers who came before him. Most judges were content to free hoodlums on bonds of $5,000, setting them at liberty to intimidate or kill witnesses.

Often when important criminal cases were pending in his court, Lyle was transferred temporarily to the civil branch. The conclusion that the mobs controlled a considerable proportion of Chicago's judiciary is inevitable. After all, most of them could not have been elected without the support of such fine citizens as Al Capone, George "Bugs" Moran, the Genna Brothers, Jake Guzik, John "Dingbat" Oberta, and a dozen others.

The mobs hated Lyle but they did respect him.

In 1926 real warfare broke out among the various gangs, for each one wanted to muscle in on territory traditionally belonging to another. This war resulted in the slaying of 530 gangsters, and the leaders—finally realizing they were only cutting each others' throats—decided to have a summit meeting where territorial lines would be sharply drawn. Because all were interested parties, they decided to get an outside arbiter to reshape their boundaries.

To his amazement, Judge Lyle was approached by a Capone emissary, who asked him if he would serve as the arbiter.

"What's my cut?" I asked the spokesman straight-faced.

He gulped. "Why—why . . . well, I guess the boys didn't think you'd take their money."

"Here's a message to take back to the boys," I snapped. "We're going to take the town away from them."

His astonishment deepened. "You mean you won't do it! Think of the prestige! Judge, this could make you a big man. You could run for mayor!"

He departed shaking his head sadly at my stupidity.

The kingpins of gangsterism took his refusal with poor grace. Threats came to Judge Lyle by telephone and mail. He was a widower and when there were threats that his young daughter would be kidnapped he hid her away with relatives for protection. Anton J. Cermak, just before he was killed, told Lyle that he had been marked for death by the Mafia. He was given a mild dose of poison in his food in a popular west side restaurant. Late that night he received a phone call.

"That was just a warning," the voice said; "next time the stuff will be stronger."

The book is loaded with anecdotes about the great and the near-great in the hierarchy of Chicago crime. Judge Lyle tells of George "Bugs" Moran, who would break a man's jaw if he used questionable language in the presence of a lady, but who would order the massacre of a dozen rivals as casually as he would order a glass of beer. There was Sam "Golfbag" Hunt, who carried Tommy guns instead of irons and putters in his innocent looking golf bag. There was scholarly Freddie Goetz, brilliant college student, an important member of the famous Valentine Day execution squad. There was James "Fur" Sammons, who when sent out on a murder errand was always accompanied by guards to prevent him from taking potshots at pedestrians for amusement. Lyle was fortunate enough to find a jury with enough courage to find him guilty on a murder charge.

The judge, however, does not live in the past. His picture of crime in Chicago today is not a pretty one. The Chicago Crime Commission estimates that crime costs the city $750 million a year. On a per capita basis that means more than $200 from every man, woman, and child living in that city. Lyle says this amount would perhaps be doubled were it not for the intelligent work of the Crime Commission. Both John Edgar Hoover and the Kefauver Committee have testified publicly that if other cities had such commissions, whose purpose is to observe, report, and cooperate with local and federal law enforcement agencies, national crime would take a sharp drop.

"The Dry and Lawless Years" is not only exciting and sometimes humorous; it is also thoughtful and important.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Question of Homicide

"First Degree," by William M. Kunstler *(Oceana. 239 pp. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.85), distills for the layman the essence of eighteen notorious murder trials. Bernard Botein, the author of "Prosecutor" and "Trial Judge," is presiding justice of the First Appellate Division of New York State's Judicial Department.*

By Bernard Botein

IN NO other case does the responsibility of conducting a trial weigh more heavily on a lawyer, whether prosecutor or defense counsel, than when the defendant's very life may be at stake. In no other case is the temptation as great to throw in every scrap of evidence that might conceivably bear on innocence or guilt. For this reason most unedited records of murder trials are so larded with redundancies and technicalities that they make dreary reading.

It takes rare skill, therefore, to tell the story of a long murder trial at a pace and within space confines that will maintain reader interest and still relate the factual and legal issues with integrity. In "First Degree" William M. Kunstler tells eighteen engrossing stories of famous American murder trials with just such skill and integrity.

They are all well known to aficionados of the genre, ranging as they do from the trial in 1850 of Professor John White Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman to the 1957 trial of seven teen-age defendants for the slaying of fifteen-year-old Michael Farmer. Interspersed are such famous trials as those of Lizzie Borden, Lieutenant Becker, Leopold and Loeb, Gillette (the source of "An American Tragedy"), and Snyder and Gray. Of course, most of these veins have been mined for many years by such assiduous and qualified prospectors as Edgar Lustgarten, Edmund Pearson, and others. Nevertheless, Mr. Kunstler sets the stage for each trial in a brisk and earthy style that imparts freshness and occasionally a new facet to old material. Then he sweeps the situation and the characters—all but the deceased—into the courtroom for exciting drama.

He does not attain—in fact does not attempt—the sustained, taut, and subjective treatment of day-by-day counsel tactics and court strategy so skilfully brought off by a Lustgarten. What Kunstler's literary style lacks in smoothness is in part balanced by muscular, objective narrative, which may not cause one to read with bated breath but could start a heart to pounding. The reader at no time feels that a *cause célèbre* has been handled too sketchily or inadequately, although by my computation he devotes an average of only fifteen pages to a case. This talent for compactness has probably been developed through the author's experience in writing courtroom dramas for radio.

I suspect also that Mr. Kunstler, who is a practising attorney in New York City, has learned that a short brief is the most effective one, and is only achieved by tireless revision and rewriting. If he can condense the facts in a lawsuit as graphically and effectively as he does in this book, he must be a joy to the New York judiciary.

Attorneys for the Defense

"The Jerry Giesler Story," by Jerry Giesler, *as told to Pete Martin (Simon & Schuster. 341 pp. $4.50),* ***"The World of Chippy Patterson," by Arthur H. Lewis*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 311 pp. $5), and* ***"Due Process: The Story of George T. Davis and His Thirty-Year Battle Against Capital Punishment," by Brad Williams*** *(Morrow. 336 pp. $4.50), detail the careers of a trio of colorful criminal lawyers. Former New York Assistant District Attorney Eleazar Lipsky wrote "Lincoln McKeever," "The People Against O'Hara," and, most recently, "The Scientists."*

By Eleazar Lipsky

NO ONE who has ever waited the outcome of a hard-fought trial for the liberty of an accused man can fail to delight in the memoirs of trial lawyers. The English bar has a great tradition for this sort of thing. Carson, Reading, Marshall, Hastings left their mark in masterly biographies struck off by devoted followers of their celebrated triumphs and failures. Other barristers, not so blessed, appear at least in the superior accounts of state trials by Roughead and others.

Not as much can be said for this country. While biographies of lawyers have appeared in numbers, few have shown literary values. Benjamin Butler's biography in justification of a dubious role in the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson comes to mind. Joseph Choate has been well written up in extensive biographies ornamented chiefly by his own delightful speeches. But these and a few others aside, one is pressed to recall biographical materials dealing with our trial lawyers of any distinction whatsoever.

There is, however, a minor journalistic tradition of interest to legal buffs which has to do with the courtroom itself: the devices and stratagems of trial lawyers as defenders and advocates in the criminal law. In this field one must include various superficial treatments of the careers of William Fallon, Earl Rogers, Sam Leibowitz, and others. Moman Pruiett, the celebrated Oklahoma frontier lawyer, left his own biography, which although amusing was as crude as the courts in which he practised. Clarence Darrow's autobiography was written too late in life for more than surface treatment of his great and extraordinary career. Now come a group of biographies of uneven value.

Of the trio listed above the most widely known is Jerry Giesler. Mr. Giesler (rhymes with "geese") has good-naturedly described to Pete Martin his rise from law clerk to a living legend. Mr. Giesler began his career when Hollywood was yet to be born. As the older trial lawyers died or retired (Stephen M. White, Horace Appel, Frank Dominquez), he stepped into their positions of eminence. The early scenes have already appeared in the biography of Earl Rogers, lending to this work a period flavor; and certain early cases there described, like the defense by Rogers of Clarence Darrow in the aftermath of the McNamara brothers' dynamiting case, are recalled. But the main interest lies in Giesler's defense of Hollywood's naughty children on charges ranging from strip teasing to smoking reefers, seduction, rape, and other such delinquencies.

Mr. Giesler's cases have become the folklore of our times, largely because of the rhinestone glitter of his clientele. Alexander Pantages, Errol Flynn, Lilli St. Cyr, Charles Chaplin, Ruth Etting, "Bugsy" Siegel, Robert Mitchum may be some of the names by which this age will be recalled by future historians, and perhaps these accounts therefore have a special interest.

It would be a pity though to leave it at this. Mr. Giesler is not a Hollywood personality himself, but a talented law-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yer with a capacity for hard work and a good knowledge of the psychological dynamics of the courtroom. An attractive feature to this journalistic approach is the flavor of devotion to duty of an amused, detached, and mature lawyer. Mr. Martin's millions of followers will find his technique in telling the Giesler story interchangeable with that of Quentin Reynolds in the latter's biography of Sam Leibowitz, a factual nutty, colloquial, fast, and not too revealing picture of the man behind the career.

Far superior in every way as a literary work is the biography of Christopher Stuart Patterson, Jr., an odd and extraordinary trial lawyer of Philadelphia who died in 1933 after prodigious efforts at the criminal bar. Curtis Bok, justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who prosecuted cases as an assistant district attorney against Patterson, assures us that his story is unique, and indeed it is. Patterson seems to have been a schizophrenic ridden by complex emotions of guilt and rejection (the analysis is the author's, not mine), driven from the world of traditional privilege and wealth to which he was born into a matrix of slums and criminality, in which he was to spend his life—disheveled, ragged, improvident, a denizen of Skid Row and the criminal courts. Occasionally he would return to the upper world, once to make an attempt at marriage, but always to retreat to the security and familiarity of his own sleazy world. He is said to have disposed of 125,000 cases in his lifetime, some of which are recalled.

The treatment of Patterson's life is novelistic, almost as though John O'Hara were emptying his notebook into a catalogue of the scene. Patterson's important and powerful friends, their habitat and manners, their amused acceptance of life and of their wayward children are described with grace and enthusiasm. Mr. Lewis is a fine writer with a mastery of the concrete and particular. He has done an important and interesting biography of a curious and strangely charming personality.

Mr. Davis's legal career has been notable, but his biography is an uneven mixture of courtroom anecdotes, which are fine, and life episodes, which are sketchy and without interest. Nevertheless the cases are engrossing and important—Tom Mooney, Caryl Chessman, Alfred Krupp, and many others. Using San Francisco as his base, Mr. Davis has enraged and maddened important political figures in a lifetime crusade against capital punishment. Aficionados will want this book, but it is not on the same professional level as Mr. Martin's, let alone Mr. Lewis's.

FARAWAY PLACES

Look Back in Nostalgia

—*Collection of Mrs. Mrinalini Emerson.*

"Santal Dance," by Janini Roy.

"Gone Away: An Indian Journey," by Dom Moraes *(Little, Brown. 240 pp. $3.95), is literally a companion volume to "Walking the Indian Streets," by Ved Mehta, who traveled not long ago with the young poet to their homeland. John Berry's first novel was "Krishna Fluting."*

By John Berry

DOM MORAES, a young Indian who is more at home in England than in his native land, has written an account of himself revisiting India, a country, a region, a realm he knows and does not know. English is his language, and "Gone Away" is a book of language—in the best sense of the word. As a poet Moraes loves words, and they often love him back. "Wry, perceptive and animated with an urbanely ironic wit," the jacket says of its contents. The author had read all the Russian novelists before he was ten, and he sowed his wild oats before he was twenty. He is now twenty-two. The book is addressed not to us, but to a particular person whose name is "you."

"I felt," says Moraes, "I should go somewhere for a little by myself, to think about what loving somebody involved, and become more confident, if I could. I decided to go to India." This isn't being very urbane. And it gave me confidence. I decided to go to India with him.

"Gone Away" gets better and better. The author is in the unusual position of being a young poet with the connections of an eminent journalist. The journalist is his father. Doors open as they used to: magically. Through them the poet strides with modest aplomb, to find that he is known. He has already published two collections of verse. Nehru is able to quote from one of his poems—a prematurely old one. The twenty-four-year-old Dalai Lama, whose house in Delhi "stood patiently in the middle distance, being rained on," gives him a most companionable interview. In Nepal Dom stays with a feudal family that keeps bears in the gallery, wolfhounds in the garden, and girls in the seignorial guest beds. Just before leaving Nepal, Moraes and his friend visit Devkota, Nepal's chief poet, at the burning ghat by the river, where his relatives have taken him to die. Among the corpses and the flies Moraes recites one of his poems, then one of Edna Millay's, at the dying man's request. "Devkota said, 'Yes, that is beautiful. . . . The image in the first three lines is bad . . . but I understand . . . it is true, perhaps. . . .' Gupta touched my arm and said, 'Your plane. You have only just time.'" Fantastic scene—"a land of hyperbole, stiff with extremes."

We see Moraes putting his blind friend on a bus in Calcutta, then standing for a long time, waving good-bye. A young girl "who has a cold necessitating mustard baths, sits like a cut flower, up to her calves in water, looking wistfully. . . ." A Tibetan "laughed magnificently and very often, all white and gold." The poet remembers at Oxford

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the dons like huge fruit-bats flitting through the dusk. . . ." One is not always sure where the humor leaves off: "I remember lunching with them in a restaurant with a huge sign outside saying 'We speak a kind of English.' He is a rich-natured Sikh, with a curious fierceness and quickness of manner, shading down to a tender understanding."

Moraes reports wonderfully well the peculiar English spoken by Indians in India. And the exuberance of that English, the state of mind it reflects: "Jyoti giving the world away in a word, Galway, in a soft Princeton drawl, giving away nothing."

"Gone Away" is brilliant, faulty, funny, dramatic—delightful.

THE GLOW OF ATTICA: Thousands of Americans are now finding their way annually to Greece. They stumble among the classic remains of the Acropolis, Mycenae, Delphi, and perhaps one or two of the outlying islands, wander aimlessly through the museums, glancing carelessly at incredibly beautiful treasures. The Greek Tourist Bureau might profitably present every new arrival with a copy of **"The Splendor of Greece"** (Harper, $5.95), then guide them along Robert Payne's trail, which he describes in his subtitle as "A Journey Into Sunlight."

Mr. Payne has not compiled a Baedeker filled with minutiae for the casual tourist. Instead, he has concentrated most effectively—in text and illustrations—on the incomparable artistic achievements of ancient and classic Greece, as well as the Minoan and Mycenaean civilizations. The result is a vivid and informative picture of the greatest civilization in history as reflected in its crumbling, weather-beaten ruins. If Mr. Payne has not brought Greece's mythological heroes to life with the facility of Edith Hamilton, he has inventively restored the splendorous temples and sculpture dedicated to them. Moreover, he has dealt adequately with the who, when, and how of several archeological finds, vandalisms, and thefts.

My only criticism of this superlative effort is its disjointedness. The author jumps around too much. He leads the reader back and forth between the Peloponnesus, Crete, the Aegean Isles, and the Greek mainland. It is unquestionably the grand tour, but likely to be slightly confusing to the uninformed. —LINTON WELLS.

Song: A Month of Sundays

By Robert Graves

INTO your outstretched hands come pouring
Gifts by the cornucopiaful —
What else is lacking?
Fool, enjoy your Sunday
While yet you may!

Cease from unnecessary labours,
Saunter into the green world stretching far,
Light a long cigar
And enjoy your Sunday
While yet you may.

What more, what more? You fended off disaster
In a long war, never acknowledging
Any man as master;
Then enjoy your Sunday
While yet you may.

Are you afraid of death? But death is nothing:
The leaden seal set on a filled flask.
If it be life you ask,
Come, enjoy your Sunday
While yet you may!

On a warm sand-dune now, sprawling at ease
With little in mind, learn to despise the sea's
Unhuman restlessness:
So enjoy your Sunday
While yet you may.

Quest for Truth

Continued from page 22

cism of the assumptions underlying ordinary and scientific behavior. In this area he has worked from a scientific foundation in the camp of Russell and Moore, venturing out from time to time to shape an ethics, an approach to mind, a metaphysics. His approach to speculative philosophy, which requires a method quite different from that utilized in analysis, is distinctive because of his interest in "synopsis" and his respect even for the "guesses" which attempt to create some coherent, total image of reality. It is suggested that Broad might have been a great speculative philosopher if his analytic competence had not held his speculative bent in check. Any layman, perturbed by an analytic harping on "meaninglessness," will be heartened by Broad's refusal to accept the argument that "metaphysical sentences in the indicative must from the nature of the case be non-informative."

SURELY, his interest in religion and psychical research derive from his insistence that if there are synthetic and necessary propositions they may well be self-evident to most intelligent people. W. T. Stace objects to his critical literalism in handling God as a "person," but this appears to be a sign of an analytic conscience at work on traditional themes. Broad's interest in "veridical supernormal precognition," as set forth by A. G. N. Flew, is largely a rejection of *a priori* objections to parapsychology; and, as the philosopher himself explains it, evidence of his concern for "synopsis" in the face of the irreconcilability of scientific descriptions of man and nature as mechanisms with our human experience among "persons," desiring, feeling, willing, knowing.

This volume, complete with a definitive bibliography of Broad's writings, provides a challenging overview of the thoughts and the doubts of an extremely influential mind. It ought to make possible a new look at a much misunderstood philosophic position and an enticing reacquaintance with a scholar who can say: "No! I have no decided opinion on any of these points. But I could say the same about almost any philosophical question. The reasons which incline one to or against a certain opinion . . . are always highly complex, and they are always bound up with the reasons which incline one to or against certain opinions on many other philosophical questions." There is a challenge to rigidity here worth going far to find.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 25

is plotted and the day it is published, usually two years elapse. In two years, the Research and Development people may move their headquarters into orbit.

The writer who accepts the era's challenge would be wise to use only as much technical knowledge as the plot demands, and concentrate on humans. There can be no such thing as a good "nuclear novel." But good novels can be written about people caught in the eye of the nuclear hurricane. "Arrowsmith" is not a medical novel. It is a novel about a dedicated man who happened to be a doctor. "Anatomy of a Murder" is not a criminal-law novel. It is a fascinating story of people, the best and shrewdest of them a lawyer, involved in a killing and trial.

Of two recent "nuclear novels" the one that concerns people is the better book. In **"The Project"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) Andrew Sinclair succeeds in crawling into the skins and skulls of his exotic, erotic, and all but incredible characters.

Sinclair, an Englishman presently at Harvard on a fellowship, imagines a group of double-domed men and fair-breasted women bivouacked in the Australian desert. Their project is to test-fire a Titan-type ICBM tipped with hydrogen warhead. There is among them a villain who schemes to make one of the Pentagon's worst nightmares come true. That nightmare is an armed ICBM fired by a madman at, say, Moscow. This nightmare is shared by Khrushchev and, I suppose, by the British War Office and others.

I have been assured by reliable Air Force friends, who are in a position to know, that the madman-ICBM nightmare simply cannot happen. The warheads and rockets are too complex, and too many safety factors have been included in their design, for any one madman to let fly at the Kremlin. It would take a number of madmen, I have been told, and some of them would have to be in very high positions indeed. I believe my Air Force friends. But . . .

On September 7, 1960, a Hound Dog missile was launched from a B-52 bomber that had taken off from Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. The missile was supposed to land harmlessly in a target area in the Gulf of Mexico. It veered off course and headed for the mainland. It defied all instructions to behave. "Destruct" buttons were pushed. The Hound Dog refused to destroy itself. It finally tore an immense crater in a cornfield near Samson, Alabama. Just as easily it could have clobbered Pensacola, or Birmingham.

I am also reminded of the Snark that got away, after being fired from Cape Canaveral, and ended up somewhere in Brazil.

This seems to prove that machines can be as fallible as people. Further, Mr. Sinclair is extremely ingenious, and "The Project" could serve as a textbook for madmen intent on lighting off World War III. The writing itself is erratic and disturbingly pretentious. Imagery should aid rather than befuddle the reader. Sinclair's imagery is polished to the high gloss of fake jewels in a dime-store window. He strains for simile, piling it on until it overbalances a sentence and the whole thought tumbles into ruin. But in other parts the writing is powerful and the dialogue amusing. "The Project" is a novel not quickly forgotten.

The flaw in **"The Descent,"** by Gina Berriault (Atheneum, $3.50), is that the people are incidental to plot. "The Descent" looks forward to a time not far in the future when much of America's energy and industry will be devoted to burrowing underground in preparation for war. Nothing like this seems to be happening at the moment. For every fallout shelter, a hundred swimming pools are being carved from the earth.

However, it is possible to imagine everyone digging madly if all the thousands of government press agents trumpeted alarums, which is what happens in "The Descent." The story opens with the newly appointed Secretary for Humanity, Arthur T. Elkins, arriving in Washington. It is Secretary Elkins's duty to seek peace, but he finds that his boss is the Secretary of Defense, and his job perverted into aiding the mass dig.

Gina Berriault has won prizes for short stories but this work will win her no prize. There are nice touches of satire, but she doesn't really know Washington and her people never come alive. Yet I feel that anyone who attempts to dissect the atom, in fiction, so that people can examine the absurdities abroad in the land, deserves, at the least, recognition for effort.

THE BIG SELLOUT: With **"I, Benedict Arnold"** (Doubleday, $3.95) Cornel Lengyel has taken himself out on the shaky tightrope between fact and fiction. He describes his book, subtitled "An Anatomy of Treason," as "an imaginative reconstruction . . . faithful to the historic facts." As historian and researcher Mr. Lengyel has come off better than he has as a creator of fiction. He moves surely at the side of General Arnold, peacetime pharmacist and Revolutionary hero of Quebec and Saratoga, through the dark days of the War of Independence and the even darker days of Arnold's perfidy. The author calls back to life the beautiful Peggy Shippen, who became the second Mrs. Arnold, and the tragic Major John André, who died as a spy and gained the fame and respect for which Arnold risked and lost everything. The closer Mr. Lengyel brings his reader to the events that were to make Benedict Arnold's name forever synonymous with traitor, the more breathtakingly alive the narrative becomes. With solid fact to point the way, the book takes on the pace and life of a thriller. One forgets while reading that the ending is known, the events long gone by.

All this is to the good. It is where history has left gaps that Mr. Lengyel comes a cropper. The reasons motivating Arnold's act of treason are never fully explained. That he hungered for the limelight of public acclaim, that he felt that his country did not appreciate the wartime heroism that left him a cripple—these are acceptable reasons for the beginning of negotiations with the British. But why, when the court-martial to clear his name was convened, and after George Washington indicated his trust in his general, did Arnold still continue his negotiations for the sellout? Mr. Lengyel leaves nagging doubts.

Peggy Shippen is left in an even murkier state. She is pictured as a part-time Lady Macbeth, both in love with and ambitious for her husband. Yet when Arnold is forced to flee to the British for sanctuary she does not choose to join him until she is forced to. When she does, we are told only that "something between them had changed." Two pages later we learn of Peggy's giving birth to Arnold's second son. What had changed aside from their place of residence?

It would have been better had "I, Benedict Arnold" been written as a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purely factual retelling of events annotated with statements beginning, "History does not tell why . . ." or "It can only be assumed . . ." A historian can leave questions in his reader's mind, a luxury denied to the fiction writer. Mr. Lengyel should have learned from General Arnold that it is dangerous to play both sides at the same time.

—Haskel Frankel.

SHANGHAI MISFITS: One comes to Lin Tai-yi's novel **"The Lilacs Overgrow"** (World, $4.50) with the expectation of great things, since it is set in China during the turmoil of the late Forties. But the expectations are unfulfilled—regrettably, for the author has done her homework well in creating a fleeting history of the times. She has also—in the latter part of the book, at any rate—caught some of the pace and drama of the country and of Shanghai, as the former government shambled into exile and the Communists inexorably prevailed.

Essentially this is the story of the Wongs and the intrusion of the events of the times upon them—an instrusion they have not sought and for which their sheltered and contemplative life has left them singularly unfitted. This couple—alone of the characters in the book—is believable. Their personal philosophy, the happiness of their marriage, their feelings toward their son and nieces are Chinese family to the core. In a very real sense their inability to see beyond their own narrow and comfortable Shanghai society and to face the onslaught of a hard and bitter and poor world, bent on bettering itself by material means, is quite symptomatic not only of the milieu in which "His Excellency" the Minister of Education moved, but of elements of our own Western world.

—David Keith Hardy.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 909

PLAIN PRY, C IFS NBAA

GRL MR DAIMAL QAEG

NBIM NBIN C DIT MRN

YCFIQQRCMN DTFAEG.

—NBRLAIK.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 908

One of the rarest phenomena is a really pessimistic businessman.

—M. Beard.

USA

Continued from page 24

ers" because he has the facilities to accomplish twice as much, the *réactionnaires* and the Communists will be swept away and we will have the United States of Europe.

THE NATION'S HEALTH: While other social diagnosticians are warning American society that it suffers from a number of grave endemic diseases—cancer of the culture, embolism in the economy, and pernicious anemia in the intellectual bloodstream—Eric Larrabee in **"The Self-Conscious Society"** (Doubleday, $3.50) takes a clinical look at the state of American civilization at mid-century and informs us that we are merely distressed by a temporary case of heartburn.

In a series of eight loosely connected essays (all originally written to order as speeches or magazine articles, and here revised to give them unity), Larrabee disagrees with the glum "prognosis negative" of such cultural critics as Vance Packard, C. Wright Mills, Dwight Macdonald, Ernest van den Haag, among many others.

Ranging in topic from the "status system" to the role of jazz, and from pornography to the rearing of children, Larrabee might be described as a sophisticated optimist about most of the phenomena of modern American society. Not a smug or heedless optimist to be sure, but an observer who is neither frightened nor alarmed by our manifestations of "mass culture," our vulnerability to "maniplation," or our export of Coca-Cola, chewing gum, and B movies.

Our confusion, self-doubt, and self-consciousness, he declares, are signs of vitality and decency. Far from being status-ridden, we can (and have) easily upset the manipulators—and he uses the "small car" revolution of the last two years as a case in point. Moreover, Larrabee insists, mass-production methods—whatever vulgarities they may proliferate—have made "individualism possible" for millions of people who were shut out from most cultural experiences in past ages of elites, of scarcities, and of insularities.

Much of what he says is refreshingly true; and he says it with some wit, directness, and a common sense brushed with historical insight. Certainly the Packards and the Mills overstate the dire condition of the patient, and Larrabee's bedside manner restores confidence in our basic health.

Yet I would urge that readers of this lively polemic also address themselves to the two most recent issues of the *Partisan Review*, in which Dwight Macdonald deals at length with "Midcult and Masscult." For somewhere between Larrabee's sanguine estimate of our culture and Macdonald's acerbic attack upon it, I suspect, is to be found an accurate appraisal of our national virtues and demerits. So often, in the social sciences and humanities, it takes two men pasted back to back to give us a full portrait.

—Sydney J. Harris.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 6, 10, 8, 1, 2, 5, 4, 3, 9.

JUST PUBLISHED
In time for Christmas giving!
Who Killed Society?
by
CLEVELAND AMORY
The brand-new, no-holds-barred story of the war between celebrity and aristocracy in America — told by the author of *The Proper Bostonians* and *The Last Resorts*.
48 pages of photographs, 576 pages. $6.50
HARPER

9100 PAPERBACKS
NEWEST CATALOG 104 pp
SEND 25c
Paperbook Gallery
27 Third Ave. N. Y. 3

EUROPE
We'll see the usual, plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia and N. Africa. A different trip—for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around.
Also shorter trips
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box B Pasadena, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Boy Meets Girl, Soviet Style

THE ANNUAL San Francisco Film Festival this year chose "**Ballad of a Soldier,**" a Soviet-made movie, as the best entry, and also gave its prize for direction to Grigori Chukhrai, the thirty-nine-year-old Russian who both conceived and directed the film. Cannes didn't go quite so far, but rumblings of discontent came from the audience when it wasn't awarded the grand prize. Oddly enough, the plaudits for the movie seem to be based on an appeal that is neither arty nor experimental. It's the kind that—so far as type is concerned—could have been made ten or twenty years ago, or today, for its main assets are simplicity, humor, and humanness. It also brings back that old catch in the throat that movies used to achieve occasionally.

The simplest of stories allows the director to focus on basic emotions—love for a mother, for a girl, sympathy for the plight of fellow human beings, partings and meetings, the pathos and tragedy of war. And sophisticated film juries obviously eat this kind of thing up, just as audiences undoubtedly will when the picture is shown here generally. Something of a first has been achieved by importer Edward Kingsley, who is the first independent film distributor to show a Soviet film outside the usual cultural-exchange channels. The smaller cinemas will show it with subtitles (the version vastly to be preferred, I suspect), and voices will be dubbed for its more general release.

Anyone looking suspiciously for propaganda won't find much of it in "Ballad of a Soldier." A young enlisted man accidentally becomes a hero. Panicked by fear, he singlehandedly stops an attack by three tanks, and instead of a decoration asks for a few days' leave to see his mother The comradely general gives him the leave, and off the boy goes, to have a series of pathetic and touching adventures. He befriends a wounded soldier, and delays his journey via train until the legless man is reunited with his wife; he delivers some cakes of soap to a fellow soldier's wife, whom he finds living with another man; he meets a girl.

The girl (played beautifully by Shanna Prokhorenko) has sneaked aboard a supply train, as has the soldier, after bribing an avaricious guard; they fall in love, lose each other, find each other, and eventually say goodbye. They aren't ever going to meet again, because we've already been informed that the boy will end up as a war casualty. By the time he arrives home he has only a few minutes to spend with his mother, and the scene between them is reliable tear-inducing material. There isn't much more than that, and perhaps what is so remarkable about the film is that Chukhrai, the director, makes it suspenseful, believable, and tells his story in a series of flowing images, as well as expertly composed closeups. It's basic cinema, and it works.

THERE is none of that Russian style of stiff monumentalism, which I have found discouraging in the past. The actors are appealing kids, and the boy (Vladimir Ivashov) is just as good as the girl. I understand they're still considered student actors in the Soviet Union. They'll probably do more to make Russians seem human in this country and elsewhere than all of Khrushchev's bumbling efforts at the U.N. If Chukhrai has gone in for innovations at all, it is in his opening scenes, which show a war-scarred landscape, the three menacing tanks, and the lonely soldier fleeing from the terror they represent. Here the composition is quite remarkable. Mr. Chukhrai has taken a boy-meets-girl story and given it great dignity. His sense of taste is always evident, and he finds effective ways of using understatement. The actors he uses always seem exactly fitted for their roles. And if he has any message at all it is that in spite of the tragedy of war the human qualities still manage to survive. If his young people are innocents, they are neither too sweet nor too symbolic.

Scene from "Ballad of a Soldier"—evokes "that old catch in the throat."

I HAPPENED to meet Mr. Chukhrai, and spoke to him through an interpreter, a Russian critic, Alexander Karaganov. He told me of his admiration for certain American movies, "Roman Holiday" and "Marty" among them. In the Soviet Union, he said, positive qualities are emphasized. The idea and preliminary script for "Ballad of a Soldier" were submitted to a Soviet committee responsible for selecting film projects, and for allocating budgets. His idea was approved, he was given his budget, and then, he said, he was left free to make the film as his artistic conscience dictated. Could he make any subject at all that his artistic conscience chose for him? With the approval of the committee, yes. The Soviet director, it seems, feels part of the community, and is not attracted to subjects that might have something negative to say. He seemed perfectly content with the film production system under which he works. He had made one previous film—both that and "Ballad of a Soldier" reflected his war experience—but he didn't intend to stick to war as a subject.

But he and Mr. Karaganov were pleasant and agreeable. They tried to explain the Soviet point of view toward film-making. They appeared either not to understand larger questions of artistic freedom or to overlook them. I was reminded of a talk I once had with a Catholic priest, who explained some of the objectives of the Legion of Decency to me. I remember his emphasizing the need for films with a positive morality, and with a wholesome view of human nature. "Ballad of a Soldier" has all this in abundance, and it hasn't been oversentimentalized. The Legion of Decency can hardly fail to give it its approval. And if Soviet directors continue to concentrate on subject matter with similar universal appeal, they are bound to get, sooner or later, a large audience outside their boundaries. The movies, for both sides, may be the best method yet found for further elasticizing of that Iron Curtain.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE FOREIGN FILMS BETTER?

Whether or not the motion picture is, strictly speaking, an American invention, it was this country that gave it its impetus and established it as entertainment and, to a degree, an artistic medium of universal appeal. From D. W. Griffith to Orson Welles, from Mack Sennett to Preston Sturges, American directors brought innovation to the screen and did most to develop its vitality. Hollywood, for all its turmoil and trouble, its scandals and scares, was able to maintain a hold, almost a monopoly, on the international audience. There are portents of change, however. The prestige of the American film has begun to decline; its influence is on the wane—a situation brought about by too much concentration on a slick surface, and added to by the neglect of meaning. Our movies today suffer by comparison with the best made elsewhere. The innovators of the screen are no longer to be found in Hollywood—not this year, and not the year before. The best new directors, the revitalizing forces, are to be found in France, England, Sweden, and Italy. The Soviet Union is on the move again in films. And the challenge may not only be on the level of quality. Aided by national subsidies, private film societies, and the support of film festivals and intelligent viewers, the foreign challenge may soon be to the box office as well. From block-booking to the present policy of block-busters, Hollywood may be heading toward bust. Examining the situation for this special film issue are: Tony Richardson, an important young English director; Cynthia Grenier, an American who writes from France; Carl Foreman, former associate of Stanley Kramer, now writing and producing films for Columbia abroad; and SR's regular film critics, Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight. George Amberg adds an up-to-date compendium and evaluation of film books, the prevalence of which attests to the continuing interest in the film medium everywhere.

Show of Strength Abroad

By HOLLIS ALPERT

HOLLYWOOD has been banged on the head so often by its critics that it seems a little unfair to take similar advantage of it at a time when it is becoming increasingly clear that American movies are suffering by comparison with current European films. Having just glanced at the movie pages of *The New York Times*, I see that such entries from abroad as "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "The Entertainer," "The Virgin Spring," and "General Della Rovere" are having their runs simultaneously with "Butterfield 8," "The World of Suzie Wong," "The Alamo," and "Surprise Package." While "Sunrise at Campobello," "Spartacus," and "Ben-Hur" are also running, and while I wouldn't dissuade many of my friends from seeing them, I doubt that any of the American films I have mentioned would stand up, on the basis of quality, with most of the foreign ones we have seen here recently.

A snobbish attitude? Even in Hollywood, opinions on this would differ. One director of note went to see "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," expecting one more overeulogized film, and was astonished to find himself admiring the technical gifts of its director, Alain Resnais, as well as being profoundly moved by its story. "Resnais has shown us a few things," he commented.

On the other hand, an equally well-known director, having seen "Wild Strawberries," said: "We stopped doing that sort of thing in Hollywood thirty years ago." My own memory may be faulty, but I couldn't recall a film of the same type, and, at any rate, the answer to that director from those who did find "Wild Strawberries" a remarkable film experience might well be: why did you stop?

Bergman, so far as technical aspects are concerned, is probably a traditionalist. His equipment is said to be antiquated, and he works on a budget that might pay for the services, alone, of one third-rate Hollywood star, prices for stars being what they are these days. Yet audiences have found moments of beauty in his moody landscapes, and his camera is able to accentuate the meaning of his story subjects. Such landscapes are not particularly new; neither are some of his surrealistic and dream passages, nor the trick effects he occasionally tries. But his expressiveness, his personal visions, his storytelling ability—these are another matter. To overlook them, and scoff at his use of camera, boom, and dolly, is pure and simply a Philistine attitude that has been long oversubscribed to by far too many American film people. Our own screens become wider, the images on them clearer, and, all too often, emptier.

Up until recently, enough films of impact came from Hollywood to keep alive the belief that Americans were pre-eminent in the motion picture field. Some of us were willing to disregard the prevalence of the meretricious and the mediocre, the dozens of shoddy little items made solely for the object of milking the box office, and to point with pride to directors such as George Stevens, Fred Zinneman, Elia Kazan, Billy Wilder, John Huston, Robert Wise, and perhaps three or four others who have brought enormous respect around the world for the American film industry. We could also rest on the vaunted superiority of our technical resources. American films, it was clear to almost everyone, were simply better made than the foreign product, by and large.

But it now appears that even this last assumption is not true. More is be-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing attempted and achieved elsewhere. A British film, "Room at the Top," was largely the work of an untried director, Jack Clayton. It was clearly the best-directed film of its year, even though Hollywood lavished its awards on "Ben-Hur." You can be sure that a good many conscientious people in Hollywood devoted some study to "Room at the Top," just as a good many more devoted study to the box office statistics for "Ben-Hur."

Playing successfully in England right now is a movie called "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," with a screenplay by Alan Sillitoe from his novel of the same title. Due to open here in a month or two, it can be safely said about the movie that its direction, writing, acting, and editing are so exciting and fresh that our own movies, particularly in the black-and-white category, are bound to look stodgy and old-fashioned by comparison. It may be time to begin wondering if we aren't going to be left far behind in the international arena of quality, unless we begin paying more careful attention to what is happening abroad. While we have been searching for gimmicks and clues to public preference, others elsewhere have been exploring the film medium to find its essential vitality, and to discover more of its potentialities.

Barriers of finance, of star systems, of distribution setups have proved insucient to check the growing body of unusual work in films abroad. Last year it was the French New Wave, this year the Italians are coming back. Bergman has functioned in Sweden, Fellini in Italy, Richardson in England, Ray in India. The Poles have made some fine films, the Soviet Union has perked up, the West Germans are by no means quiescent. Movies elsewhere have managed to emerge, to engage our serious attention, in spite of the enormous expense of production, and the fear of not recouping at the box office.

The director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" was Karel Reisz. His previous experience was in the documentary field. He had also been a film critic and editor of a film magazine, noted for his grasp of the technical details of movie-making. How did he get his chance? Richardson had formed a small company, Woodfall Productions, with the playwright John Osborne. The company made films out of two Osborne plays, "Look Back in Anger," and "The Entertainer." "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" was financed out of the usual channels, and Richardson this time served as producer, Reisz as director. The budget was naturally low, actors were chosen for their ability and suitability for their parts, and—lo and behold!—a fine movie.

It must not be assumed from the foregoing that youth is everywhere having its day. The New Wave has already subsided in France, the enthusiasm for it has begun to wane. But it would be wrong to dismiss the wave as more *vague* than *nouvelle*. What it did show was that several young people could conceive and make movies with individuality and effectiveness, that they could sometimes find new subjects and sometimes handle old subjects in such a way that they looked new. Young intellectuals in France have taken to the film form as nowhere else. Instead of writing novels and plays, they wrote scripts. If they couldn't direct, they wrote film criticism. They studied techniques. They went behind cameras with a bland disregard for traditions, and while they stumbled often, they also got crowds to line up before the marquees on the Grands Boulevards.

FRANCE had a subsidy system for quality film-making that helped to a degree. While it still has this system, there is word to the effect that several of the new directors are being denied subsidies because of their position on the Algerian question. But only a few weeks ago a new French film called "The Love Game" came along, directed by another youthful newcomer, Philippe de Broca. This time Claude Chabrol, of "The Cousins" fame, was the producer. The movie is a minor comedy, but made spritely and joyous by the sheer exuberance of its direction and performances. Mr. de Broca obviously would not be downed. His story may be a wisp of a thing, but the camera follows the antics of a delightfully mad young man, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and his beguiling mistress, Genevieve Cluny, and somehow convinces us that they are entirely real people and worth knowing. I was also struck by the look of intelligence on the faces of the performers, as though it were no crime to be intelligent, unconventional, animated, and charming. It would be pleasant, for a change, to see more intelligence, more life, in the faces Hollywood puts on the screen. Even our most intelligent actors are generally used to portray painfully groping neurotics, the stupid, the mental incompetents.

When our own little new wave gets going, what is its direction? "Private Property," with its pretty but dull housewife, an idiot of a husband, and two goons who lasciviously peep and plot a seduction. Also, "The Savage Eye," a look, without purpose, at human wreckage. Another of these unconventional American attempts will shortly be unveiled: "The Connection." Dope addicts, again! There is some basic misunderstanding about realism that we appear to have here. It can exist on many levels; it need not be confined to human blight and morbidity. I hope I do not sound too reactionary.

If movies can be made against the commercial tide abroad, why not here? Why this continual pouring of millions into more Biblicals, into comedies without style or wit, into pallid soap operas in wide screen and primary color? Why not an occasional off-pattern movie, one not backed up by smash-hit status on Broadway, or best-sellerdom? Of the close to 200 films made by Hollywood in the past year, hardly a half-dozen are worthy of notice. "The Apartment" had the canny direction of Billy Wilder, but a confused theme that failed to sort out the values of the characters who eventually found happiness. Zinneman's "The Sundowners" is one of the more encouraging of the year's offerings, but was made entirely in Australia. "Swiss Family Robinson," a genuine delight for children and their families, was directed by an Englishman, made on location on the island of Tobago, and completed in an English studio.

THERE is some reason for the belief that Hollywood, as Hollywood, is in its decline. We know, of course, that the studio system has undergone vast changes within the past ten years, that some of the lots have been taken over by television performers, others by MCA, an agency with an octopus grip on much of the production—so Hollywoodites complain—and that stars have been making inordinate salary demands. But stars make more than demands for 10 per cent of the gross, or a cool million in cash. Because producers, hoping to play it safe, seek them, they have been able to corner stories for which they are often not suited. A Hollywood screenwriter said: "Half the scripts out here start out with Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson in mind for the leads. The rest are naturals for Cary Grant and Marilyn Monroe."

The more inventive film-maker is discouraged before he can begin. He knows he hasn't a chance unless he has a star who wants to do the story. One of the most powerful movies of recent years, "Paths of Glory," was rejected by every studio until Kirk Douglas took it under his personal wing. "The movie didn't make money," Douglas commented, "but it made Stanley Kubrick." (Kubrick then made "Spartacus.")

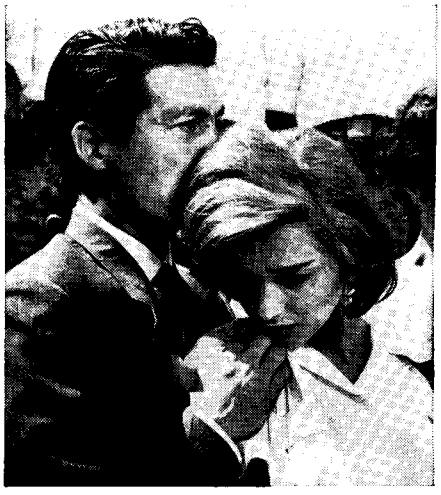
In the mid-Fifties a movement away from Hollywood began, to locations

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abroad, and to New York. The results were promising at first, but it soon became apparent that what was sought abroad was what might be termed locale color, and that New York was just as expensive as Hollywood. "On the Waterfront" started the rallying cry "Keep 'em in New York," but the low-budget "Twelve Angry Men" proved a disappointment at the box office, "Baby Doll" ran into censorship difficulties, and the recent "The Fugitive Kind" demonstrated that a million dollars paid to Marlon Brando was not enough to bulwark a soggy script and the miscasting of Anna Magnani. The film unions wanted parity with Hollywood, and these days a producer needs unusual courage to buck the formidable array of charges that New York film-making can entail.

Because everyone involved in feature film production is caught in a cost vortex—for which creative and technical personnel are alike responsible—our film-making allows for little in the way of new ideas and new blood. Only the most established directors can still make reasonably satisfactory movies, and they too, John Huston and George Stevens among them, have had their flops. They can't keep the costs down, and a picture can bring in $5,000,000 at the box office and still lose millions.

The American film is losing such world-wide respect as it once had. The facts that Mankiewicz has made the sound track crackle with wit, that Huston and Stevens have filled the screen with fluid movement, are only of historical interest now. What is happening that is new? What is new is what is happening abroad. What is new are Truffaut, Richardson, Bergman, Camus, Resnais, and many others, who are charging the screen with a new look at people, with acting that reflects our time, with themes that have meaning, with styles that are distinct and individual. These people are in full cry against the glib slickness that the American movie has made its trade-mark. They study the techniques of our movies, then turn their backs on us, and show us how these techniques can really be used. And they are amused by the surface gloss we carefully apply on our movies, as though that would hide from any discerning eye the relative worth of the product. Since it is believed, even by governments, that movies are important not only as a medium of entertainment, but because they share, or should share, a place in the cultural sun with other arts, popular and fine, something of import is happening if we can no longer keep pace with the films of other nations. If for no other reason, the situation should be scrutinized with care.



England's "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" (above)—"fresh and exciting."

France's "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (right) — by comparison, American films suffer.

Sweden's "The Virgin Spring" (below) — on the screen, a new look from abroad.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Adventurous Italians

By CYNTHIA GRENIER

DURING the past six months three middle-aged Italian movie directors – Michelangelo Antonioni, Frederico Fellini, Luchino Visconti—have stirred up just about the biggest fuss made over films in Europe since the end of the war. The mightiest eggheads, the simplest movie buffs, the man in the middle—the average moviegoer—are unqualifiedly ecstatic. And record-setting box office returns are France, Italy, and Great Britain are proving to producers and distributors that this esthetic ecstasy has a towering commercial value. Ingemar Bergman and the New Wave boys are out; the Italians, twelve years after neorealism, are again about as in as you can be.

"L'Avventura" of Antonioni and "La Dolce Vita" of Fellini made their debut on the international film scene last May at the famed film fair at Cannes. Each in its own way touched off quite a ruckus. The Antonioni, two and a half hours of slow scraping at the empty lives of elegant, handsome people set against Sicilian landscapes that are vaguely disturbing in their emptiness, came off rather worse than Fellini's three-hour exploration of the life and mores of an empty-souled Roman journalist. The Cannes crowd—in the lovely, rude, expressive way common to all Euorpean film festival audiences—started hooting, whistling, and stamping during an explicitly filmed, steamy love scene that took place as the actress rolled about in the grass near some railroad tracks. Other people, deciding they understood what the director was getitng at, started shouting back, and "L'Avventura" ended with almost no one looking at the screen. Among the people who did get Antonioni's message, though, were most of the jury, headed by France's Marcel Achard and Henry Miller; the film picked up a special prize for "its new cinematographic language and plastic beauties." This award was unmercifully catcalled on closing night.

The producer of the film, the millionaire Italian publisher Del Luca, a wily and determined man, launched an advance campaign designed to promote the view that if you liked "L'Avventura" you were one of the elite, while if you found it a long, untidily made bore you were ignorant and something of a fool. The surprising thing is that this stunt worked. The first-night crowd at the smart Champs-Elysées showing was packed with the cream of Paris's intelligentsia—from Sagan to Mauriac. Thoroughly intimidated by the build-up and by the fact that the opening was held under the auspices of the French Museum of the Cinema—as if it were already enshrined in film history—they sat through the film hardly breathing, lest a cough be mistaken for disapprobation. The morning after, every paper ran rave reviews; from two o'clock on, the lines of people waiting to get in trailed down the Champs-Elysées.

Vitorio de Sica and Hannes Messmer in "General della Rovere."

The film itself is almost identical in mood and intention, if not in plot, to every film the forty-five-year-old Antonioni has ever made. Elegantly dressed men and women hold disjointed, brief, equivocal conversations in the middle of deserted, disquieting landscapes, then usually drive off in a sleek Maserati or Ferrari.

In "L'Avventura" a well-born Roman beauty vanishes from a yachting party on a deserted Sicilian volcanic island. The rest of the film traces the pursuit by the missing girl's fiancé of her best friend until she falls in love with him, guiltily hoping her friend stays lost. At the end of the film Girl No. 2 finds the hero being unfaithful to her with a call girl on the sofa of an elegant hotel lounge. One never learns whether Girl No. 1 is ever found, or whether she ran away or committed suicide. And after all, it really doesn't matter, suggests Antonioni.

The women in his film worry a great deal about remaining lucid in love and about the ability to communicate—but usually at the most inappropriate moments, and with men inferior to them in nearly every way. But Antonioni really doesn't seem to care very much what his characters think or do. He is primarily concerned with conveying a general sense of mystery by using certain evocative landscapes (the sun, it is worth noting, has almost never shone in one of his films). Somehow he feels there is something meaningful about such settings; just what, he is not sure, but he clearly feels that if he can faithfully reproduce the mood that such atmospheres create for him, then an audience may find it meaningful too. As a result, his characters walk or ride about in sports cars for hours through empty, faintly oppressive Sicilian villages and countrysides, while Antonioni leaves it up to the spectator to find the right meaning to give to it all.

Because "L'Avventura" has an unorthodox, rambling form for a motion picture, is somberly serious, and has some genuinely handsome desolate landscapes, its partisans feel that there must also be much more in it than appears at first glance. And since they are looking for it, they find it.

Frederico Fellini, who has a solid international reputation based on "La Strada" and "The Nights of Cabiria," is an altogether much more ambitious

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

film-maker than Antonioni. In "La Dolce Vita," which was roundly hooted at Cannes when it won the Grand Prize (because nearly everyone was rooting for the Soviet "Ballad of a Soldier") Fellini thought he was making a damning indictment of certain shortcomings of our age by showing how his Everyman, here a journalist, loses his soul in Rome. The picture is big, fascinating, and occasionally very well acted indeed, but Fellini's sentimentality combined with a Sunday-school morality make it fall far short of what it could have been.

Never do we know the hero well enough to care that he feels frustrated at never finding time to write a novel, nor can we sympathize very much that most of his guilt feelings stem from his inability to say no when lovely ladies drag him off to bed at the end of carefully, tactfully choreographed orgies. His ultimate degradation when he gives up journalism for a public relations job seems somehow faintly comic rather than near tragic, as Fellini seems to have intended.

Although the Church frowned on the film, and the supposed loose living has been greatly played up outside Italy, "La Dolce Vita" actually has little immorality in it. The damned are shown as thoroughly unhappy. The godless intellectual is punished. The aristocratic virtues are exalted. The family is sacred. And purity is vaunted. Throughout, the film, instead of being a legitimately tough-minded appraisal of a society and its mores, is a compromise-laden document that offers up a few discreet titilations tucked away here and there amid a generous serving of traditional morality.

Fellini does produce some splendidly photographed, brilliantly directed scenes. A few—such as the journalist and his mistress in a destructive, pointless argument that couples can have; the journalist and his father, completely incapable of finding anything to say to each other yet feeling the bond of blood—are nearly perfect. But the soft sentimentality at the core of Fellini's work robs it of the strength and value it ought to have.

ON the other hand, there's nothing soft or sentimental about Visconti's "Rocco e suoi fratelli" ("Rocco and his brothers"). For three hours it takes a kind of Milanese-American success story of six brothers along a grand opera-*cum*-Dostoevsky path. Passions are rent with a tremendous energy from the actors under a directorial control which, for all its excesses, has the stamp of genius.

A rape scene in the mud, which easily exceeds that of Bergman's "Virgin Spring" for graphic detail, and an intensely violent murder during which audiences involuntarily gasp as each of the fifteen-odd knife blows sink into the woman's body, touched off the biggest scandal in all the years of the Venice Festival. Cries, screams, and shouts went up; women fainted; men stood, waved fists, delivered speeches against Visconti; his defenders fought in the aisles with his detractors. The international jury fought among themselves with nearly equal passion, and although the award finally went to a French film (reportedly because of heavy Christian Democrat pressure on the Italian majority of the jury), the Soviet, American, English, and Argentinian jury members in an unprecedented move issued a dissenting opinion to the press. The film was promptly banned throughout Italy. It was released to Italians only last month —with the more violent scenes literally blacked out with masking tape.

WHAT mars "Rocco" is a view of life that seems at times almost that of a homosexual. The camera has a tendency to caress the handsome faces of most of the brothers, and a couple of the scenes between the brothers are played in such a way that, if seen out of context, they could easily be interpreted as love scenes. Women are represented with unconcealed hatred and contempt: the young wife of one of the brothers is shown as an utter cow who drains a man's energy and enterprise by tying him to a home and children; the mother as devouringly possessive; and the sweetheart as a whore to be raped in public and stabbed to death in the mud. The characters nearly all seem closely related to reality, but they are somehow just enough distorted to prevent the necessary identification for completely great art.

ALL three films share the distinction of being the first major work of their creators in at least five or ten years, and may very possibly be their last in their native land. Neorealism, out of which these directors came, may have put Italy on the movie map in the immediate postwar years, but it spelled box-office disaster for Italian distributors and exhibitors. Abroad, it earned a fine reputation for the likes of De Sica, Rosselini, Visconti, and Fellini, but at home Italians wanted to be amused. As a result, the three men worked irregularly, occasionally making a film that did well with the public, while they slowly nurtured plans for their big films. The reactions in Italy today mean that the odds are much against these men ever again finding the necessary producers and distribution at home unless they promise a conformity they do not seem inclined toward. Visconti has already announced that he will never again make a film in Italy.

The success of these three films is significant. Each in its own way must be taken and judged as seriously as we would any high-quality work of fiction. They prove—even if some people tend to take them too seriously and rate them too high—that the medium for mass entertainment can bear heavyweight material with surprising ease.

—*Wide World*

Frederico Fellini at the 1960 Cannes Film Festival with actresses Yvonne Fourreau, Anouk Aimee, and Nadia Gray.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain's Angry Young Director

One of today's most gifted and articulate young directors, Tony Richardson, now thirty-one, staged John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" and "The Entertainer." He was also responsible for the staging of the London production of Shelagh Delaney's "The Taste of Honey" and supervised its presentation here. He emerged as a talented film director when he brought the John Osborne plays to the screen, had his first Hollywood experience with Faulkner's "Sanctuary," and was the producer of a startling new British film about a young foundry workman and his adventures during his off days. That film, Alan Sillitoe's "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," has been hailed in England and will be seen here during the next few months. While in New York recently during passage between England and California, he discussed current conditions in the film world with undiplomatic candor, and agreed to answer a series of questions posed to him by SR film critic Hollis Alpert. The questions, and Richardson's answers, follow.

Q. *What differences now exist between methods of movie production in England and the methods used here?*

A. Few differences exist actually. England is really Hollywood in miniature. England still entertains the ghost of a notion that a major studio still has some function. The cinema, you see, is still hanging on to that old idea of the mammoth studio doing everything—owning properties, owning stars, owning the director, turning out a factory product for which it is assumed there is a constant demand. But the studio, in those terms, is virtually extinct. A few mastodons still survive, followed by little monsters, the businessman and the accountants. But the developments of the industry have gone against them. To see a Hollywood studio today, with its vast lots, its acres of disused sets which have been redressed time and time again, is to see something that has been completely stranded by the passage of time. One feels the sooner the real estate man and the oil companies get in the better. In England, there are only two studios of this sort left—the Rank organization, and the ABC, which is a subsidiary of Warner's. The only difference between them and the American counterparts is that they are less efficient and have less know-how.

Q. *In spite of this so-called extinct system you have managed to make two startling films as a director, another as a producer. How do you account for this?*

A. It has happened for all the wrong reasons. Everyone in the film industry is looking, naturally enough, for security of some sort, because the economic risk is so great. Normally, security is gotten in terms of a big star, though even the biggest stars have proved they cannot necessarily draw all the audience. I was able to begin making films because I happened to direct for the stage two plays which were big hits. They were regarded as film material because of their success in the theatre. Had I wanted to do either as an original property, it would have been completely impossible. It was only after these plays had been fumigated, so to speak, with London and, more importantly, Broadway success, that financing was possible; and even then, for both cases, it was by no means easy. To make "The Entertainer," everyone involved had to accept a financial sacrifice, and the film was eventually financed by a group of distributors completely outside the big commercial setups. These were the Bryanston firm in England, Continental Film Distributors in America. These distributors have come to realize one essential thing if good films are to be made—that it is now possible to think in terms of a limited audience. If you're trying to make the block-buster of all time, it is very unlikely you can do anything interesting. You've got to have the courage to make a film a lot of people won't like, so long as there are enough people who will like it. This, of course, is the pattern more and more film-making is taking. There are going to be smaller distributors and smaller producers able to think in terms of a particular film, and of how to make the film that is most right, most economically produced, and then to distribute in terms of its special needs. Allow me to state my own experience. "Look Back in Anger" was distributed in the United States by Warner Brothers, who had partially financed the film. "The Entertainer," which is a much less obviously commercial film because of its subject, was distributed by Continental. Warner's virtually abandoned "Look Back in Anger" because they were unable to exploit it according to their normal pattern. Continental, on the other hand, did a completely different job with "The Entertainer," thought of it on a much smaller scale, rightly, were much more careful, and therefore much more effective.

Q. *Does "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" require similar care in distribution?*

A. More, I suspect, because everything about this was untried before. It's based on a novel which had a limited success. It had no stars, and the director, Karel Reisz, had never made a feature before.

Q. *Why did you serve as producer in this case?*

A. Because it's essential that the power is taken over by the people who really make films, and not left to the mercies of producers who know little or nothing about film-making. John Osborne and I formed a company through which the three films we're speaking of were made, and we never intended either that he shall write all the films, or that I shall direct them all. We wanted to create a climate and opportunity for all sorts of films to be made, and if we could use any influence, power, or experience we had, we hoped that opportunities would occur.

Q. *England has had a relatively good year. Some good comedies, a new star in Peter Sellers, new young directors like yourself, Jack Clayton, Karel Reisz. If your industry is moribund, why has this happened?*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. I'm afraid I don't value as much as you do some films that have been pleasing Americans recently. "Room at the Top," yes. But the British cinema has not produced anything that is really vital, creatively, for a long time. For me it's been the same old formula in different clothing. There hasn't been anything comparable, certainly, in vitality and range, to films made by the young directors in France. They've turned up a number of exciting new personalities who have each produced something quite different, and who have all thought in film terms. They've lived films there. They've made films their own way and on their own terms, even when the terms have sometimes been clumsy and awkward. The French directors have been able to work outside the normal framework of their industry, whereas the films you've mentioned —"I'm All Right, Jack," "The Angry Silence"—have been made within the industry. It always comes back, basically, to a question of cost. Films are just far too expensive, and ideally it should be as simple to make a film as paint a picture—a small outlay for the essentials, and that's it. Unfortunately, such a case can never be. All we can do is to try for the utmost simplicity of operation and economy. This is what happened in France. The impulse for the New Wave came from people who were prepared to work under all sorts of conditions, to scrape in all sorts of ways, and to somehow get something they wanted to say onto celluloid. A comparable thing has happened in England with our young dramatists. All the creative people in England want to write plays. Everyone in France wants to write and direct films. In America, I suspect, the only really off-beat things are to be found in the nightclubs.

Q. *Mort Sahl, et al.? The intimate revues in out-of-the-way night clubs?*

A. Yes, and now Elaine May and Mike Nichols on Broadway.

Q. *Can young English directors work in the same way as young Frenchmen?*

A. No. Or, only if they're very lucky, or have a property with obvious commercial possibilities. There is no immediate sign that the position will get any easier.

Q. *How exactly do the young French directors get their financing?*

A. Most of the first New Wave films were financed personally by the directors, through either having money or marrying it. There isn't that much money floating around in England, even to marry, and things cost more there. Films can be made more cheaply in France, because it's posssible to work outside the sort of strict union setups we have in England. I suppose, too, the British industry is still hoping the Americans will hire all their studios and technicians, and pay everyone twice as much as usual.

Q. *Do you see anything in Hollywood that compares favorably with what's happening in many places in Europe?*

A. I'm afraid not. There's still this constant tendency in Hollywood to standardize, to make a film look as unindividual as possible, and as much like an ad in a magazine. Personality is not what is wanted, any more than rough edges. It's therefore impossible to make the film they really want to make, not because people in Hollywood aren't sympathetic, cooperative, and charming, but because they're thinking about the cinema in the way people thought about it in the Thirties. Only one person can make a film in the end, and it's got to have the handwriting of one man, however shaky and scrawling the handwriting may be. The idea that you can make things better through commercial and cumulative experience is totally impossible for any truly exciting film, and it isn't that Hollywood would stop such a film being made, but only that people capable of doing it would never be allowed to make a film in the first place.

Q. *Does the limited, or more special, audience offer a prospect for newer film-makers?*

A. The French films have proved that a film can be both economically possible and yet completely individual. It's a question of the people who make them being determined enough to do exactly what they want, and also being prepared to work within certain economic limits. Too many people are crying out for the moon in terms of financing. If you could make a film for a group, merely, of five people, there's that much more chance you'd make a masterpiece.

Q. *Where would you make your films, if you had your choice?*

A. I doubt that you can make films anywhere but in the country you belong to. Therefore I'd have no other choice but to work in England. On another level, there's much to be said for working in America, where facilities are better. Whatever you ask for in the way of equipment will be provided. On the other hand, everyone is too expert, so technically proficient that they smooth everything out. And sometimes the content gets lost in the wrappings. One can see in England a group of people, still working within the industry, who are realizing that technique in itself means nothing, and that it is often much better to be technically imperfect in every way, if the content is right.

Q. *Do you see hopeful forces in Hollywood, too?*

A. Absolutely not. The possibility of good movies in this country, as in Britain, can only come from a revolution from outside the industry and not within it. The structure of the industry as it exists now is false economically, and false for our society. Films have got to start right back at the simplest beginning (I speak in terms of production) before they can be free as the cinema must be. It's no use trying to infiltrate; you've just got to put up the barricades.

Q. *You mentioned the one man who must be responsible for the film. Is he the director?*

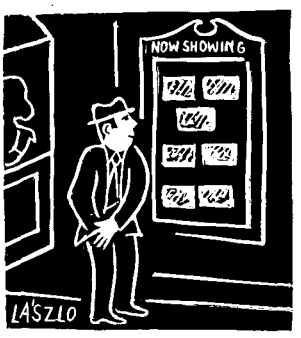
A. Yes!

Scene from Sanctuary, directed by Tony Richardson—a movie needs to have "the handwriting of one man."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creative Films in America?

By ARTHUR KNIGHT



THE motion picture has been called and justly, America's major contribution to the arts. Curiously however, one rarely cites American movies as examples of film art—not any more, at any rate. Certainly, each year sees a few films of merit emerging from that vast complex called Hollywood. Unquestionably, there are many individuals who strive earnestly and honestly to turn out pictures of distinction. Most of them seem foredoomed to failure—not merely at the box office (which is a major crime only in Hollywood), but in achieving the work of art to which they had aspired.

The reason is not at all obscure. Indeed, it screams at us from every ad and press release that boasts of how many millions of dollars were spent on each new picture. Understating the case, a film costing $1,000,000 is unlikely to be an artistic masterpiece. Too many compromises are necessary to protect that investment. Too many agents and agencies, studio heads and sales executives, bank vice presidents and Production Code administrators must be consulted, too many precautions taken lest anyone be offended or —worse yet—overstimulated. In the industry's own terminology, a picture is "put together." No other art can make that statement.

And the costs continue to spiral, rocketed by union demands, fantastic star salaries, and studio overheads that must be maintained by an ever-diminishing number of pictures. Today when a producer speaks of a low-budget film, he generally means something between $250,000 and $500,000—a sum tidy enough to require much the same caution demanded of the "block-busters." Stars are fitted to these in full awareness of their box-office potential, and story values are judged by the New York office in terms of their probable popular appeal before production money is made available. For the independents, it is much the same situation once removed. They too must convince their financial backers (often the same studio heads) that their "package"—the script and stars they have lined up— will end up on the profit side of the ledger. The wonder is that anything off-beat or problematical ever squeezes through all these protective hedges to the screen.

Perhaps it is an error to look too enviously overseas. Even though a Bergman or a Fellini may make his pictures with almost complete freedom for the largest studio in the country, the road for most directors is strewn with difficulties—most of them centering around money. But the cost of production abroad is lower, the risks are lessened, and there is less need to appeal to a so-called, ill-defined, low-rated mass audience. It is possible to take a chance, to depart from the tried and trite—the only possibility that can give the creative artist the stimulus he needs.

The other evening I was speaking to Sidney Harmon after a preview of "Hand in Hand," a charming and poignant little film examining the effects of religious intolerance upon two seven-year-olds. It was based on fact, he said, on something that had happened to him when he was growing up in Poughkeepsie years ago. Although a successful Hollywood writer, he had had no luck in selling this idea. Its central characters were children, there were no juicy star roles, and it dealt with touchy subject matter. It was finally bought by a woman producer, Helen Winston, who, as Harmon put it, "knocked herself out taking it from studio to studio." Eventually she managed to get it made—but in England.

True, there have been sporadic attempts to beat the system in this country. But, for the most part, these have been attempts to lick Hollywood at its own game—to turn out a slick, acceptable, commercial picture for $60,000 instead of $600,000. Occasionally, as in "Private Property" earlier this year, their producers are successful; and they advance immediately to a multimillion-dollar picture at one of the major studios. On the other hand, a surprising number of these films are never seen outside of a few small projection rooms, shown hopefully to distribution heads who are all too aware that their own people can do—and are doing—the very same sort of thing. As has often been said, no one makes a Hollywood film better than Hollywood itself.

A new group of film-makers, centered mainly in New York, is ready to concede the point. These young people, calling themselves officially the "New American Cinema" (although referred to inevitably as America's own "new wave"), have come together formally only within the past few months. There have been stirrings, talk, even a handful of films during the previous year or so —the Sanders brothers' "Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.," John Cassavetes's improvised "Shadows," the beatnik "Pull My Daisy." Valentine Sherry, whose documentary "Coney Island, U.S.A." had won international prizes, was preparing a film on New York based on Irwin Shaw's short stories. Shirley Clarke, an experimental film-maker and teacher, had arranged to shoot the off-Broadway play "The Connection."

A four-day film conference held early last September at Antioch College provided the catalyst that transformed individual hopes and strivings into an organized movement. Its purpose was to explore "what things can be done to raise the artistic level of films made and shown in this country"—and it was financed, by a bit of unintended irony, through a series of screenings of outstanding foreign films. The conferences brought together not only film-makers and critics, but the distributors and exhibitors of art films, and a spokesman for the growing film society movement in this country.

IN THE discussions, just about every long-established practice in production, distributions, and exhibition was re-examined and re-evaluated. Were the Hollywood methods of financing production the only ones, or even the best? Could there be a filmic equivalent of the off-Broadway theatre? Are stars necessary? Is it possible to reach the art theatres outside the existing distribution channels (which take approximately 50 per cent of the gross as their distribution fee)? Could "difficult" films be circuited through a series of one-night stands to make them more profitable both to the distributors and the exhibitors? Might not the theatre man, through a discriminating selection of pictures both old and new, domestic and foreign, build up a steady patronage for his house instead of capturing a transient trade for one specific picture?

Once the accepted was discarded, it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed that there were innumerable possibilities. Plays have long been financed on a limited partnership basis, with shares sold to obtain production money. Why could not the same be done for pictures? There was even the opportunity for cross-collateralization if perhaps half a dozen film-makers of similar orientation would come together, raise the money together, and use the profits from one picture to offset possible losses on another—an added inducement to investors. Louis Sher, heading a circuit of fifteen Midwestern art theatres, suggested that because of the shortage of product, he and other art-theatre owners might very well be interested in investing in offbeat films in return for first crack at the results.

And what kind of films would they be? Denis Sanders, attending the conference from the West Coast, indicated that, despite a two-picture contract with United Artists, he would want to make Warren Miller's "The Cool World" under such an arrangement. Production Code restrictions and the predominantly Negro cast of characters that the story required would make it too risky a venture for any major studio. Mrs. Clarke, representing the New York contingent, pointed to her "The Connection" as another example. (It is now nearing completion in New York.) Since that time, Lewis Allen, her partner in the venture, has lined up for future production such hitherto unlikely film fare as "Lie Down in Darkness" and "The Loved One," according to a recent *Variety* report. Clearly, the initiative for a more creative, more significant kind of picture has begun to move out of Hollywood's hands.

ALL the makers of such films, however, are still thinking in terms of the commercial cinema. Their costs will be lower than Hollywood's and, in all probability, so will their profits. But they are nevertheless aiming for mass distribution, even if that mass be a mass minority. Their solutions, the questions raised at Antioch, are hardly an answer for the individual who persists in thinking of film as an art form, and who wants to create pictures in much the same spirit that a writer wants to write or a painter wants to paint. To him, audience demands are secondary; the primary concern is to discover new techniques, new subject areas, new modes of expression to explore and develop.

It is in precisely this area, I should say, that the American film is at its most vulnerable. England has its government-supported "Free Cinema" for experimental projects; France, Italy, and Germany encourage individual expression through tax rebates or outright subsidy. Poland in recent years has witnessed a remarkable resurgence of experimental film work, incredibly caustic and daring in tone—despite the fact that the state pays the bills.

It would probably be too much either to ask or to expect government support for experimental films in this country. The industry is too well-heeled to require it, the experimenters too few and scattered to demand it. But the major foundations, those twentieth-century patrons of the arts, have proven equally intractable. Apart from the Rockefeller Foundation, which almost twenty-five years ago gave a grant-in-aid to set up the Museum of Modern Art Film Library and another to start the short-lived American Film Center, there has been no Maecenas for the movies. Even the Guggenheim Foundation, with its tradition of supporting creative efforts in the arts on an individual basis, has shied away from the motion picture field; it has been at least ten years since they last made a grant to a film-maker. The Ford Foundation, which has given generously to drama, symphony, opera, and television, at the last checking had not yet even gotten around to "studying" the needs in film.

This is not to suggest that no work is being done in this area. The Creative Film Foundation, under the leadership of the indomitable Maya Deren, has organized symposiums and screenings of experimental pictures, offers annual awards for the best of them, and attempts to provide working capital for deserving creative film-makers. The directors, who also serve as judges in the competitions, include Rudolph Arnheim, Joseph Campbell, Kurt Seligman, James Johnson Sweeney, Amos Vogel, and others of comparable stature and authority. The only trouble is a chronic lack of funds.

Similar difficulties beset the Robert Flaherty Foundation, created by the widow of the pioneer documentary director to preserve and disseminate his highly individual (and utterly noncommercial) approach to picture-making His was less a technique than a philosophy; and Mrs. Flaherty, through nation-wide tours and seminars held each August at the Flaherty farm in Vermont, has given unstintingly of herself to teach others "the Flaherty method." Hundreds have attended the seminars, and dozens of young film-makers have already found inspiration and guidance in its sessions. But its support has come entirely from those individuals who loved Flaherty and respected his work. Institutional support is so far lacking.

There are undoubtedly other centers of creative activity in this country. Many colleges and universities now offer extended courses in film-making—CCNY's Institute of Film Techniques, the Cinema Departments at NYU, UCLA, and USC—where students receive professional training in the techniques of production. But after that they are on their own—in the most expensive of all the arts. The motion picture industry is not oriented to encourage creativity in film-making; the major foundations are not yet ready to admit that motion pictures are an art; and the specialized foundations are too impoverished to accomplish more than a fraction of their ambitious programs. One looks eagerly for hopeful signs, but cannot avoid the feeling that America is losing its most distinctive and important art form by default. In Hollywood, it is being smothered in money, and strangled elsewhere by the lack of it.

"Tear out page 496!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Peregrinating Producers

By CARL FOREMAN

HOLLYWOOD has not only risen above every crisis from without —and there've been many in its relatively short history—but it has even failed in its various attempts at suicide: the long-time disregard, if not contempt, for the writer, happily now past; the star system, which insisted that the play be changed to fit the star, rather than vice versa; the unwillingness to gamble on anything the least bit off the tried and proven box-office path; the blacklist which drummed some of the outstanding talent out of the community. The list of self-inflicted wounds is horrifying.

Contrary to current Hollywood concern, peregrinating production is not likely to make Bagdad-on-the-Pacific a deserted village. Rather, through revitalizing America's place as the world leader in film-making, Hollywood can only benefit from its touring productions.

For certain kinds of movies, Hollywood is always better and cheaper. In my own experience such films as "Champion," "The Men," and "High Noon" could not have been made as well on the same budget anywhere else on the globe.

On the other hand, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was also made in Hollywood, might have been better filmed in Paris, where the theatre of Rostand is a living, breathing thing and where Cyrano's gasconade is almost part of the national character.

Then there was "Home of the Brave," the deeply personal story of the inside of a man as it was affected by the war that raged around him. Personal and intimate, it had to be told in those terms. We were right, therefore, to make it in the studio, with limited locations.

Yet if "Bridge on the River Kwai" had been made on the Columbia ranch in Burbank instead of the steaming, leech-infested jungle of Ceylon, one wonders what would have emerged.

Is it a question of Hollywood or elsewhere? Or isn't it rather the matter of whether to shoot in the studio or on location? For it must be remembered that this is nothing new. Since a pioneer studio head attempted to restrain the wide-ranging ambitions of a director with the ukase "a tree is a tree and a rock is a rock, shoot in Griffith Park," film makers have increasingly lengthened the radii of their locations.

Gregory Peck and Carl Foreman on location in the Aegean.

No sensible producer would regard shooting in the studio exclusively in London, Paris, Rome, or elsewhere as being more advantageous than shooting under the same conditions in Hollywood.

The only really valid and important reason for filming abroad is the added dimension of verisimilitude. The breath-taking improvements in transportation have now made it practicable to move to outlying places where the real thing is available, rather than studio ersatz.

Only the most prejudiced Hollywood advocate could argue against the vital importance of shooting a picture about Greece in Greece or a film about modern Israel in Israel.

Far more than mere physical reproduction of monuments and landmarks is involved. Hollywood's craftsmen could—if one didn't mind the cost—duplicate the Parthenon in the tiniest detail, even to the hollows worn in the promenade by the sandals of the early Athenians.

But antiquity is more than a mass of architecture. Where the sun rises and sets and how it lights the Parthenon is part of the lyric effect. The sound and action of the wind as it blows from the sea; the hubbub of Athens as it filters to the top of the high hill—these are all parts of the whole. And without these, a replica, no matter how faithfully it follows the original, is a vapid, bloodless thing.

Hence when we decided to make "The Guns of Navarone," based on Alistair MacLean's novel of World War II adventure in Greece and the adjoining islands, we knew it had to be made where it happened.

We found what we were looking for on the island of Rhodes, in the southern Aegean. MacLean had created his mythical island, Navarone, from the characteristics of several in the Dodecanese group, so we were in home territory. We found other advantages as well.

Our company, Open Road Films, is an Anglo-American firm and it was our intention to make "The Guns of Navarone" so that it could qualify for the Eady Plan, a British government facility which, out of tax monies collected at the box office in Britain, provides financial subsidy to those productions that spend at least 80 per cent of their budgets in pounds sterling. This is an oversimplification of the involvements of the Eady Plan but it will do for our purpose here. By utilizing British crews on the Rhodes location and completing the picture in a British studio, we will probably qualify for the plan. Thus, some of the money spent will come back in the form of subsidy.

IN ADDITION, something wonderful happens to a film company on a distant location. There is, of course, the usual amount of complaining before people become accustomed to strange places, foods, values. But more than balancing this is the excitement growing out of the novelty of the exotic and the bizarre. A special kind of zest, not usual in the familiar atmosphere of the studio, pervades the company from the labor gang to the stars.

The crew and the cast share common experience—they eat in the same restaurants, get to know the same people, shop in the same stores. A closeness develops. Six o'clock may be the end of the working day but it's not the end of propinquity. Everybody has the same home, generally speaking. Things get talked out because the parties to the difficulties are instantly available to each other.

The hardships that must be overcome on a location like Rhodes create common cause. A star who wouldn't dream of moving from the set to the makeup department without riding in the studio car, cheerfully hikes along the side of a Mount Parnis, or rides a razorback Rhodesian donkey five or six miles from the highway to the location.

Then there's the pleasure of giving, impossible to enjoy in the familiar environs of the studio where most of us—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if we faced the truth of it—have a tendency toward hogging the trough, shouldering any newcomer aside as a possible competitor and threat to our security. On a distant location there's no help for it. You have to use local people. And an amazing change takes place. Members of the crew, having accepted this inevitability, drop their protective barriers and virtually adopt their local assistants, teaching them as much as possible about their particular craft. As a result we left behind a community of highly experienced electricians, riggers, carpenters, and machinists when we departed from Rhodes.

The camera crew, headed by Ossie Morris, whom I regard as one of the world greats in his field, had a special project. I had been approached by a leading Indian producer. Since we were filming in color and CinemaScope, did I think his top cameraman could join the Morris crew as an observer? The man, Krishna Murthy, was one of India's leading photographers and a person with long experience in filming black-and-white movies but never any in color. Since India was about to build laboratories to process color film, it was felt that more and more color would be used in the future.

I explained the problem to the British unions involved and they readily agreed to the arrangement as a gesture of international amity. From that point on, Murthy had the most diligent and patient staff of teachers any pupil ever enjoyed. He stayed with us right through the production, traveling to England with us after we left Rhodes.

And there's a special satisfaction in spending money in a community that needs it desperately, as Rhodes did. One of our cab drivers saved enough money out of his increased earnings to pay off his cab, buy new furniture for the kitchen, and arrange a dowry for his daughter. Another acquired a never-hoped-for set of store teeth. The mayor's trade school, barely struggling along on a limited budget, blossomed when we took it over as one of our main shops. An orphanage at Lindos became a special project for the cast and crew. Raffles were conducted, bingo games arranged, all for the purpose of creating a fund for instruments so that the orphanage could build a band.

In a short time we were no longer visitors but cherished members of the community. We were invited to weddings, birthdays, funerals. The warmth in which we were enveloped made us feel like better people than we perhaps were. And this in turn must have made our work better.

But, an unimaginative comptroller might complain, you can't enter such assets in a ledger. All right, let's consider more practical matters. How about government cooperation, the supply of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of men and material, the easing of tax restrictions, the lightening of customs duties?

All of these are available, for the developing nations of the world have entered a unique competition for attracting foreign film production. Greece, for example, has discovered that its landscape, antiquities, culture—hitherto unexportable items—can have important value to film-makers with great consequent benefit to its economy.

FOR the $1,000,000 we left in Greece, we cannot hope to take out more than $25,000, the highest gross ever earned there by a foreign film ("Bridge On the River Kwai"). Unlike other foreign investors, when we used a mountain we neither diverted its waterways, nor stripped it of timber, nor emptied it of ore. All we did was publicize it throughout the world as a tourist attraction.

We're a tremendous propaganda tool for tourism, which is perhaps Greece's major industry today. We intended our film as a dramatic tribute to the heroism and attractiveness of the Greek peoples and we hope we've succeeded in this. But whatever else, we've made a $5,000,000 travelogue introducing Greece to people who may never have seen its beauties before.

The Greek government was quick to recognize these benefits and offered every possible assistance to us. So will other nations throughout the world who are seeking to attract foreign producers.

Naturally, the smaller the country, and the more limited its experience in this field, the greater the enthusiasm and areas of help. Any producer fortunate enough to have a story that can be filmed in a country like Greece or India or Israel or Turkey should do so with high hopes. These countries may

not be as sophisticated or efficient as such established film centers as England, Germany, France, or Italy. But, as Benjamin Franklin argued for the selection of a middle-aged mistress, they're so grateful.

With such gratitude and its beneficial consequences, why then do many producers insist that there is no saving in producing abroad?

Labor costs are cheaper, but the labor is less efficient, less dependable. Because film-making is so new to these people—many who worked for us had never seen a film—things never go as smoothly or as efficiently.

And they have a centuries-old tradition of "*dolce far niente.*" Schedules, budgets, minute-saving devices are difficult to establish in an atmosphere dotted with relics whose history is counted in eons.

There was an important wedding scene for "The Guns of Navarone." All the stars—Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn—were involved. For two days, the camera had focused on a young Greek couple. On the third day of shooting only the bride showed up. Our groom had decided to quit, flying to Athens with the only blue serge wedding suit immediately available on Rhodes. Never did so many grown men weep with a bride left waiting at the church.

Multiply this by a hundred incidents costing time and money. Add the language barrier, difficulties of transportation and communication, and savings begin to disappear.

Cost, hence, is not a major consideration. Quality, as this may be improved by shooting in actual locations, rather than Hollywood, should be the paramount factor.

Where, then, does this leave Hollywood? Better off than ever, I believe, if patience and wisdom prevail. For one thing, the peoples in these developing countries represent millions of new customers for American films, still the most popular in the world. And every American company shooting abroad is a salesman for America and American films. It is one of the ways of meeting the competition for the world market, for which European film-makers are now strongly competing.

Because we are looked upon as Hollywood film-makers, Hollywood's reputation is constantly being nourished. It is still the Vatican of film-making; foreign producers, directors, and players all dream of making films there. All we have to provide are the welcome and the inducements. Whether the last should be in some form of subsidy, along British Eady Plan lines, may be worth discussing. Even if not, Hollywood must recognize the inevitability of what is happening. There are historic currents that cannot be ignored. As these have altered the world picture, so have they affected the motion picture. Other nations, once solely our customers, are now seeking self-determination as competitive moviemakers. They will not be denied.

It is healthy for all of us, as film-makers, to remind ourselves how really small a part of the world we are.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Flood of Film Books

By GEORGE AMBERG

THE book publishers, it would appear, have considerably more faith in the maturity of the American moviegoer than do the producers in Hollywood. Not only has this year seen the release of an unprecedented number of hard-cover books on film on an extremely high plane, but there has also been an accumulation of paperbacks to make available significant writings of the past at attractive prices. To many to be mere coincidence, they share an extraordinary correspondence of tenor and treatment. Substantial studies such as these are no more than one would expect in any field of learning. That they should come as a surprise sharply characterizes the low standards of appreciation generally granted the cinema.

The average film literature is on a level with the actual motion picture, which is to say that neither demands any great amount of artistic sensibility. The extent to which these dismal esthetic standards prevail can be daily confirmed by studying the movie advertisements or the displays of the popular fan magazines. The expansion of mass culture cannot be arrested or ignored, but it can be responsibly channeled and controlled, whether it be manifested as records, paperbacks, or films.

IN this context, the new film books assume a special significance. For they are essentially books of standards, and they address themselves precisely to the group of mature and discriminating readers who are, potentially or actually, the ideal audience for good cinema. There is no reason for excessive optimism. Books, however persuasive, will hardly induce a sizable number of people to go and see what they have missed. At the risk of converting the converted, the fact remains that these books are not nearly as widely known as they deserve. Several of them are reprints of earlier studies, almost "classics," which had failed to reach the nonprofessional reader. In the informal and inexpensive guise in which they are now obtainable, they will surely contribute to a more intimate and accurate understanding of the art of the movies—more love for them. The following summaries and comments are intended as a guide to those who wish to venture into this fascinating field.

THE LIVELIEST ART: A Panoramic History of the Movies. *By Arthur Knight. Mentor, 50 cents.* It is hard to explain why it should have taken so long for a history of the movies to appear in the country of D. W. Griffith and Hollywood. Now that it is finally available, it is sure to occupy a prominent place on the film bookshelf, even as it is likely to be the standard American history for many years to come. Precisely this condition burdens the book with more than the usual expectations of excellence, especially in a

field in which popular writing abounds and responsible scholarship is the exception. It is, without question, an eminently useful book, not only because it answers a real need but also because an annotated bibliography of 100 titles and comprehensive indices make it a handy reference tool. Written for the nonprofessional, it has many fine qualities, such as the neat condensation of an overwhelming amount of factual information as well as the fluent ease with which it is conveyed. However, as is to be expected with a historical survey of such inclusive scope, many a thoughtful observer of the film panorama may hesitate to embrace the author's lenient evaluation of things past or to share his optimism concerning "the shape of things to come."

FILM AS ART. *By Rudolf Arnheim. University of California Press, $1.50.* This book contains, besides a number of shorter essays written between 1933 and 1938, a substantial, closely argued theory of the silent film, condensed and revised from a 1933 publication, *Film.* The dates are relevant because the author characterizes the film as "a unique experiment in the visual arts which took place in the first three decades [sic!] of this century." He contends that the "explicit and pure style of silent film was destroyed" with the advent of sound and that "the development of the silent film was arrested possibly forever when it had hardly begun to produce good results." It is, however, mere conjecture that the silent era would have produced superior film art had sound not intervened. All artful ingenuity in silent techniques notwithstanding, the absence of sound during the first three decades was a technical deficiency rather than an artistic credo. Moreover, silent films were never shown in silence. Few of the silent "classics" could survive exclusively on their esthetic merit, whereas the "hybrid" sound film has matured into a fully valid creative medium. In spite of Arnheim's deliberately restricted point of view, his study provided a model theory when it was needed, and it is still very much worth reading.

A GRAMMAR OF THE FILM. *By Raymond Spottiswoode. University of California Press, $1.50.* First published in 1935, this book rightfully reasserts that there is a "continuing need to go back to fundamentals." Prudently avoiding generalizations on the one hand and dogmatism on the other, it examines the "basic substance," the components and the structure of the film. The value of this thorough and methodical analysis of the motion picture has not been diminished by the passage of years. An excellent introduction to the principles and practices that make the film medium unique, it is highly recommended to the inquisite nonprofessional reader.

SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN. *By Marie Seton. Evergreen, $2.95.* Originally published in 1952, this biography is a character study of unusual fairness, insight, and penetration. Founded on painstakingly accurate research as well as close personal observation and first-hand information, it has not lost its value over the years. As an analysis of the personality and the work of Eisenstein, it is of absorbing interest, amply justifying the author's contention that the director was "one of the most brilliant and profoundly interesting figures of the first half of our century." The biographer is guided by the conviction that the "understanding of a great artist as a human being is more important than the creation of a formal record of his achievement." Fortunately, she fulfills one task without neglecting the other. As Eisenstein's complex personality is gradually revealed, one wit-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nesses his films materializing simultaneously out of a multitude of sources, influences, and motivations, always aware of the sprawling understructure that embodies his intuitions as well as his experiences, his rigid dialectic as well as his mysticism.

FILM FORM and THE FILM SENSE. *By S. M. Eisenstein. Meridian, $1.95.* Eisenstein's theoretical writings are documents of the greatest interest and significance. They contain, collectively, the theoretical and ideological foundations of the film work of the great artist and experimenter, as well as the inexhaustible wealth of ideas of a man of vision. Comparable to Leonardo's, his life was consumed by "the tragic pursuit of perfection." Neither his films nor his inspirations, however, have ceased to influence contemporary film-making and film theory. Probably the most powerful single creative force in world cinema, Eisenstein's literary *oeuvre*—extensive, though not formally synthesized, and therefore often difficult to read—must be ranked high among the seminal contributions to the arts of our century.

FILM TECHNIQUE and FILM ACTING. *By V. I. Pudovkin. Evergreen, $2.45.* Pudovkin's two long essays constitute, together with Eisenstein's writings, the theoretical basis for the revolutionary innovations of the Russian film of the Twenties. While the practice of the great Soviet directors is no more literally followed by our contemporary film-makers than their theories, the spirit of their cinematic concepts and creations is still vigorously alive. Pudovkin's theoretical ideas, considerably more disciplined and methodical than his compatriot's, first became available here when film production was practised as a craft without rules and as an art without principles. Starting his treatise on film technique with the crucial statement that "the foundation of film art is editing," Pudovkin defines his position for developing the first comprehensive and consistent esthetic of the medium. Although the cinematic principles of the second decade seem rather doctrinaire today, Pudovkin's books remain true "classics," for they are informed with a great vision of the cinema that set the standards by which film art is created and judged to this day.

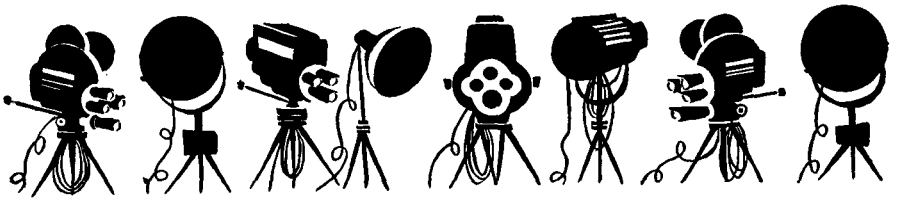
FROM CALIGARI TO HITLER. A Psychological History of the German Film. *By Siegfried Kracauer. Noonday, $1.95.* The interest of this important study by far exceeds the stated limitations of its title. For the sociological and psychological criteria which Dr. Kracauer applies to the German film would prove equally valid and useful in other comparable investigations bearing specifically upon national characteristics. His essential thesis is that "films reflect not so much explicit credos as psychological dispositions—those deep layers of collective mentality which extend more or less below the dimension of consciousness." Thus motion pictures can "provide clues to hidden mental processes" and, in this way, allow a probing in depth of "collective dispositions" or national psychological patterns. The author's extensive and detailed analysis of the German film from 1920 to 1933, besides constituting a monumental historical record, supports the soundness of his thesis as firmly as the usefulness of his method. This scholarly "history of motifs" yields indeed an astounding mass of concrete evidence—an evidence that should not be lost or disregarded.

THE JAPANESE FILM: Art and Industry. *By Joseph L. Anderson and Donald Richie. Evergreen, $2.95.* It is gratifying that a book of such scope and significance is easily accessible. For it should be closely studied not only by amateurs of the Japanese motion picture, but by everybody seeking insight into this remote Eastern culture and its creative manifestations. The study, prepared with commendable thoroughness and competence, leaves hardly any question unanswered—a feat all the more admirable since the authors are not only presenting an enormous amount of material largely unknown here, but also interpreting cultural patterns and esthetic concepts without equivalents in Western experience. We need indeed both factual background and a set of standards from the Far East; we need sociological and economic data as much as psychological clues. By providing such essential information in a generous measure, carefully organized and documented, the authors have written a work of lasting merit.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF THE MOVIES. *Lewis Jacobs, Ed. Noonday, $1.95.* The editor of this substantial volume, a film scholar and historian of distinction as well as an active film-maker, again proves his skill in dealing with rather weighty subject matter. According to his statement, "the central idea of this book is to explore the nature of motion picture art through a series of essays written over the past fifty years." A survey of film theory, this anthology is concerned with principles, criteria, and standards. Thus the thirty-odd contributions, including the editor's historical keynote essay, appear coherent in character and approach. In spite of its theoretical program, this collection is informal rather than formidable, and possibly the most stimulating and thought-provoking introduction to the subject one could hope to find.

THE STARS: An Account of the Star-System in Motion Pictures. *By Edgar Morin. Evergreen, $1.35.* This modest little book, handsomely illustrated, is not so much the sober account its title would suggest as a thoroughly fascinating, personal analysis of screen "Gods and Goddesses" and of the myths and rituals surrounding their ephemeral divinity. Intense and intuitive, rather than systematic and conclusive, it abounds in surprising insights and discoveries. The author develops a mythology that has to be accepted on faith. His thesis is that "considered as a total phenomenon, the history of the stars repeats, in its own proportions, the history of the gods." If the point is not conclusive, it is at least well taken and neatly argued. Among many other interesting sections, the volume contains a long essay on James Dean which alone makes it well worth owning.

FILM: BOOK I: The Audience and the Film-Maker. *Robert Hughes, Ed. Evergreen, $1.45.* Intended as an annual venture, this first number, conscientiously prepared and handsomely produced, has the spirit of enterprise and the air of improvisations. Containing a variety of contributions by noted film directors and writers, it makes entertaining reading without, it seems, much advancing any issue. While it is to be hoped that the response to the initial volume will encourage its continuation, it may also be suggested that a more forcefully asserted editorial point of view would add pith and significance.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2 unique services for Newspaper Editors from the Saturday Review Syndicate

BOOK SERVICE FOR NEWSPAPERS

From news and reviews of the latest books to the news and gossip of the trends, talents and tintinnabula of Publishers' Row, this exclusive service gives lively, comprehensive and authoritative coverage of the diverse world of books to leading newspapers from coast to coast. A reader service that delights editors.

The New York World Telegram and Sun, The Philadelphia Bulletin, The Hartford (Conn.) Times, The Dallas Morning News, The Syracuse Herald-Journal, and more than twenty other important papers now subscribe to the service and others plan to.

Edited by John Barkham, distinguished critic and book authority, the syndicate also enlists the knowledge and experience of various members of SR's staff, both editors and critics.

MUSIC SERVICE FOR NEWSPAPERS

Irving Kolodin, outstanding music critic of Saturday Review, edits and writes this exclusive service for newspapers which brings the whole world of music, classical and jazz, performers, records and tapes, to the readers of subscriber papers.

On his own reporting trips around the U.S. and abroad, Mr. Kolodin previews new talent and eyewitnesses important new developments for the growing musical audience in this country.

This is an impressive audience.

More people now attend music concerts in the U.S. than go to baseball games, both major and minor league, including the World Series.

Music is big league, and so are the newspapers which are providing this new service for their readers and communities.

Subscribing newspapers include Newark Star-Ledger, Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Dallas Morning News, San Diego Union, Philadelphia Bulletin and many others in the U.S. and Canada.

BOTH SERVICES ARE FULLY ILLUSTRATED. EITHER CAN BE USED AS A WEEKLY SECTION OR AS A DAILY FEATURE.

For full details, including rates, please telephone, telegraph or write,

Saturday Review Syndicate

25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y. JUdson 2-0220

Broadway Postscript

(*Continued from page* 30)

cert singer ceases at the sound of someone being violently ill in the wings.

But best of all is a sketch satirizing the films of Ingmar Bergman. When Death poetically beckons his unwilling victim to follow him, only to be defied by the victim's abrupt counterwave of his own cloak, Death's subsequent astonished reply of "Are you out of your mind?" is a hilarious penetration of the human position. It is at moments like this that we can all share the joy of knowing that in comedy we can temporarily transcend the dominion of death.

Since the aims of "Stewed Prunes" are modest, it is indeed ironic that it and "The Fantasticks" should achieve more distinction, delight, and style than any of this season's more expensive and spectacular displays.

Another new revue, **"Greenwich Village, USA,"** is proving very popular at One Sheridan Square. While its sketches by Frank Gehrecke and its music by Jeanne Bargy are in no way outstanding, its direction and choreography by Burke McHugh and Jim Russell and Carl Janelli's swingy five-piece band keep the glimpses of modern Greenwich Village riding along pleasantly and with the utmost discipline. Moreover, the performers all seem attractive. Unfortunately, this fact does not quite offset the revue's cold impersonality and its inability to rise to some really memorable moments.

FOR more than two years, I have been waiting for the Phoenix Theatre Repertory Company to show some sign that there is validity in the repertory idea. However, this theatre's production of O'Casey's **"The Plough and the Stars"** turns out to be just one more in a long list of productions that have turned fine plays into ordeals.

In this instance, the cast, under Stuart Vaughan's direction, portrays O'Casey's realistic characters with self-conscious style and illustrative demonstrations of notions that are already obvious. Mr. Vaughan seems to forget that the point of the play is the contrast between the comic and pathetic small-minded behavior of the Dublin citizenry and an armed rebellion that was most real and serious.

While Ray Reinhardt, as Fluther Good, and Bette Henritze, as Bessie Burgess, salvage some of the play's effectiveness to keep the evening from becoming a greater disaster than it is, there is no concealing the fact that the Phoenix is stretching the loyalty of its well-wishers to the snapping point. —HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

BOOKS

AMERICANA. Literature, History, Fiction. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

SEND FOR free remainder book catalogue. All subjects. National Book Company, 565 Fifth, NYC. MUrray Hill 2-3908.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N. Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS AND CALENDARS mailed anywhere. Large selection. Catalogue free. Gerard J. Fuchs, 2061 Broadway, New York 23.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BIBLIOPHILES: World Wide Research—Immediate Quotations. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570, Long Beach 1, California.

LOCATE ANY BOOK. No obligation. Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

BOOKS LOCATED—any subject. Put our vigorous search service to work! You'll like our prices and fast, no-obligation service. BOOKMARK, Box 68K, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis 7, Tennessee. We will find the book you want.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386-A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

OUT OF PRINT CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Crossover-Books, Stonington, Connecticut. Lists available. Search Service.

PERIODICALS

SCHOLARLY, ESOTERIC. Visit Corner for the Cognoscenti—Pine & Print, 601 Boylston, Boston.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH AND POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1002 Times Tower, New York 36.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

ART

PHOTOGRAPHER SPECIALIZES color, B/W reproductions your art work. WAtkins 9-1562 NYC.

FRIENDLY Little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

THE DRAWING SHOP. Original drawings and sketches from the 16th to the 19th century. 45 Christopher Street, New York 14, New York. WAtkins 9-7265.

PAINTINGS OF CHILDREN by Girod de L'Ain. Through December 24th. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, New York 21.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirshmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

BAERENREITER, BACHSTUDIO, CANTATE RECORDS. Single, subscriptions. Request brochures. Box R-37.

SCHOOLS

COMMUNICATIONS PROFESSIONS. Senior College and Graduate Programs. Boston University School of Public Relations and Communications, Boston, Massachusetts.

FOR THE GOURMET

MAINE VICTUALS! Voluptuous! Like Maine Fancy Crab Meat. Ask your favorite gourmet department. Look Canning, Cutler, Maine.

HOBBIES

307 WORLDWIDE DIFFERENT STAMPS only 25¢. Approvals. Niagara Stamps, St. Catharines 213, Ontario.

PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues Issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" describes all possibilities Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America—administrative, teaching, secretarial, professional, aviation, technical, newspaper, etc. Full details on conditions, requirements. Includes "Directory of American Companies Abroad"—Original, most complete booklet also covers employment agencies, government careers overseas, international organizations. Money-back guarantee. $1.00. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage. Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

WANTED: Capitol Recording S-303 of "Pal Joey" starring Gene Kelly; also Harold Lang recording of "Bandwagon." Box R-72.

"POEMS OF PEOPLE," Stillman, $1. 311 Atkins, Brooklyn 8, New York.

PERSONALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

THE AMAZING "ELECTRONIC EDUCATOR" offers exciting new concept in education. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-J, Olympia, Washington.

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Challenges professors; intrigues children. $5.50. Classic Games (SR), 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

HARRIS TWEED and Scottish tartans, any yardage. Ladies', gentlemen's suits tailored, $44. Send postage for colored brochure and swatches: Alexander Graham, Borve, Isle-of-Lewis, Scotland.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Insured, professional household moving. Packing, crating, storage. 24-hour service. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

WISTFUL, WOULD-BE FRENCH LANGUAGE learners take heart: here's a program tailored to your measure. TAVOR Language Center will train you to speak basic French easily and accurately by means of unique audio-visual classes and a new language laboratory for individual practice. Call MUrray Hill 3-3352 for information—or drop a card to 262 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

HISTORICAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—For free catalogue write Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

JOBS ABROAD for teachers, scientists, librarians, stenographers, engineers and executives. Comprehensive all new directory covers American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations in over 80 countries. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Money-back guarantee. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad." Covington Distributors, Box 704-E, Camden 1, New Jersey.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc., Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

DISARMAMENT LECTURER needs advance agent for nationwide tours. Box P-881.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

MOVE-RITE moves you at lowest insured cost (as little as $6.50 per hour for full van and professional driver). "Anything, anytime, anywhere." Call ORegon 5-0340 NYC.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM: "The Night The Mountain Fell"—The exciting, illustrated documentary of the Montana-Yellowstone Earthquake. Send $1.25 to Earthquake Book, Missoula, Montana.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, *military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or* single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import: Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods, Sperrhake Harpsichords. Free catalogue, 12-6-D, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

(Continued on page 58)

DIGITIZED © 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 57)

EXECUTIVE AND PERSONAL ASSISTANT, 34, seeks position of responsibility. 6 years' similar employment in England just completed. Background: Commerce, Accountancy, Hotels, Restaurants. Box R-73.

WOMAN, 39, attractive, teaching background, seeks occupational change. Box R-53.

WATCHES, GIFTS, NOVELTIES. Catalogue upon request. Transworld, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

PARENTS OF TEN-YEAR-OLD-GIRL, well mannered, warm-hearted and lovable, from cultured home, who is slower because of slight brain injury, are looking for same kind of child or small group of children for playmates. Her main interests are music, books, animals and dolls. Would greatly appreciate any replies. Box P-897.

ALL EUROPEAN MUSIC into your home from Europe. European prices. Box R-37.

BERLIN TO ISTANBUL by de luxe Motorcoach seeing Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey; cruise Greek Isles of the Aegean and Adriatic Dalmatian Coast. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR of Business Administration interested in transferring to the Department of organization men, hidden persuaders, waste makers, et al. Man, 36, single. Has M.A. plus. 9-month salary $7,100. 7 years of college teaching experience —2 as substitute instructor. Taught Sociology in 3 of those years half time. Wants a positon in college teaching and/or research in a Sociology Department where the Sociology Ph.D. can be completed within reasonable distance on Saturdays, evenings and summers. Available June 12th, 1961. Box R-84.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? Is all your concern for people? Then welcome to the ranks of Humanists! We cordially invite you to join the American Humanist Association. We have local chapters, publications. Send $1 for special 3 months' trial membership, or $5 for full year, to: Humanist House, Dept. SR, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

DISENCHANTED TEACHERS—tell me your gripes. Am collecting material for book on schools. Box R-66.

ALL-AROUND GIRL looking for job recuiring creative and artistic ideas. Poised, relaxed and personable. Sense of humor. Dependable. Experience: Televising, Instructing (various types and levels), Writing (including script and production), Foreign Travel, Business, Art. Homemaking Skills, other. Education: B. Music, Master Education, Philosophy and Writing Tutorials. Employer deceased. Unencumbered and flexible. References. Box R-67.

HOUSEMOTHER? OFFICE? Young woman seeks future position in eastern school. Box R-70.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest monthly journal of authentic permanent and summer positions sent directly to us for teachers, students, librarians, scientists, administrators, etc. Includes graduate awards, part-time work, etc. Used by hundreds of colleges since 1952. NOT just a list—includes specific jobs open NOW. Send $1.00 for current issue. Guide, "Teaching Opportunities in England," 50¢ or FREE with a yearly subscription $5 (10 issues). ADVANCEMENT INSTITUTE, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. Money-back guarantee.

VASSAR JUNIOR desires summer position as governess to travel or live abroad. Box R-69.

PREP SCHOOL JUNIOR, Bird Club President, desires boys' summer camp position using nature study knowledge, farm background. Box R-65.

HOMEOWNER, female, seeks woman to share joys of suburban living in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. Box R-68.

TWO YOUNG female college graduates wish to work way to Europe and back this summer. Box R-79.

YOU'LL NEVER OWN the Portland Vase. But if you did, you'd need packing and moving by ANDREWS. In Cleveland and Ohio Andrews Moves the Most.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXPERIENCED WRITERS with accurate and communicable knowledge of college-level physics and mathematics needed to prepare material for automatic teaching machines. Rapidly growing field offers unlimited opportunities for qualified applicants. Write WESTERN DESIGN & ELECTRONICS, Division U.S. Industries, Inc., Santa Barbara Airport, Goleta, California.

TEACHER/ADMINISTRATOR. Dedicated, idea-full, daring, empathic. Help plan, administer new 7-12 grade coed private school in California Redwoods. Those retired considered. Box R-16.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CABIN, barn, 150 acres, streams, $13,000. Terms. Rheinstrom, Hillsdale, New York.

For Rent—Furnished

SMALL HOUSE in quiet Cape Cod village. **January-July.** Box R-59.

NASSAU COUNTY, Long Island. Three bedroom furnished house, February through November, 1961. $250 monthly. Box R-75.

WRITER'S RETREAT—Beautifully furnished, fully modernized house on bay; 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, studio; 1¼ hours from Boston. $125 monthly to June. Ruth Putnam, Kittery Point, Maine.

MIAMI—Private lakefront home. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $125 week. P.O. Box 37-454, Miami.

APARTMENTS WANTED

MANHATTAN—Furnished apartment wanted by elderly widower from about February 20th to April 20th, upper East Side. 2 double bedrooms, 2 baths, living room, dining room, kitchen, maid's room with bath. Box R-71.

STUDIOS FOR RENT

MODERNIZED CARNEGIE HALL studios suitable for Lectures, Teaching, Rehearsals, Practice. Steinway pianos. CIrcle 6-3154 NYC.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CENTRAL CONNECTICUT, established country restaurant, continental specialities, complete equipment, ideal set-up for couple. Owner lacks capital, experience. Box R-74.

VACATIONS

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK nearby resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Winter! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.60 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PLANNING A WINTER VACATION? Rocky Point at Salem open all year. Same delightful ocean views from warm, spacious rooms and sun porch—gracious hospitality—home-cooked food. For information, address Miss Elinor Crandell, 140 Bay View Avenue, Salem, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients $4.50 and up. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

CROW'S NEST TOUR 1961—46 days in Europe by private automobile. $1,438 all expense July 15th to August 31st via Sabena Airlines Jet Service. Unusual itinerary features off the beaten track travel—Holland, Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy, Switzerland, France, England. Contact Donald Hart, Jr., Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Connecticut. Phone CHapel 6-7221.

THE TIGER FISH IN THE LIMPOPO River are probably the gamest in the world and South Africa's inland waters provide an angler's heaven too, with yellow fish, black bass, trout and barbel. Deep sea fishing is excellent along the Cape and Natal Coast. For more information on a fisherman's dream holiday write: SATOUR, Dept. S, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

EUROPE 1961, BUDGET-WISE CIRCLE TOURS: Tenth anniversary folders ready describing creatively planned group programs visiting 12-19 countries in 37-56 days. Prices with trans-Atlantic tourist steamship $1,160-$1,595. Air passage optional. 36 departures April-September. DITTMANN TOURS, Northfield, Minnesota.

KASHMIR, NEPAL, DARJEELING, INDIA—Jet around the world, summer holiday in the Himalayas, Europe, Middle East, Orient. ALSO comprehensive air-auto tour of India December-January 1961-62. American escort. MARGARET CROWNE, 1251 Wellesley Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

COLLEGIAN TOUR, third annual, for students, postgraduates, and the young adult to the lands of the seldom-seen: West and East Germany, Poland, U.S.S.R. from Leningrad to Black Sea and Ukraine heartland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Austria, Salzburg and Bayreuth Music Festivals. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

JOIN CARIBBEAN CRUISE. 150 foot schooner sails to Bimini, Abaco, Berry Islands, Grand Bahama, Nassau. Ten days of adventure. $175. Sailing, fishing, skindiving. WINDJAMMER CRUISES, INC., P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami Beach phone: JEfferson 2-3407.

EUROPE. 1961 Summer Tours: 46-61 days in Europe, 14-18 countries, from $1,233. For complete information, write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (**S-R**), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

MEXICO HAS its Caribbean Island, too. It is Cozumel. And on Cozumel it's the MAYALUUM. Write for the exciting story: MAYALUUM, Cozumel, Mexico. New York Representative: Harold Michelson, 19 West 44th Street, NYC 36, OXford 7-9146.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—and of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgium Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1396

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. London street at the head of which sits a powerful "Old Lady."	133 60 121 185 174 97 105 75 100 3 183 / 162
B. Journeys by begged rides in others' cars.	132 89 199 20 49 168 5 28 61 69
C. Eating only a few specific kinds of food.	188 110 177 124 197 129 52 22 154 1 137 / 120
D. *Flowing as with honey.*	26 186 35 109 156 116 21 153 113 16 194
E. Describing a play with no male roles.	139 62 117 53 196 99 181 25 103
F. Straight side of a race-course.	151 7 145 36 85 167 112
G. Strait with no implication of restriction.	193 115 150 63 71 18
H. With no restrictions.	17 149 143 9 122 106 164 107
I. One of Beethoven's favorite keys, esp. in his early works (comp).	128 155 39 96 172
J. Soothing refrains.	73 142 46 78 27 43 160 179 166
K. Out of bounds (2 wds.; not in WNI, though familiar GI expression).	148 37 144 182 24 173 57 111 159

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Nonsense verses of five lines, popularized by Edward Lear, 1846.	59 29 51 8 169 77 125 66 15
M. Amer. evangelist of 19th cent., famous for gospel hymns (full name, as familiarly known).	161 76 108 31 67 163 95 147 92 34 190 / 19
N. Countersigns.	191 64 48 91 134 180 126 114 178 131
O. By means of narration or reporting (2 wds.).	68 30 101 94 55 58 41 90 138
P. Copper units of Byzantine coinage.	14 38 136 93 87
Q. Costly fabric woven in diagonal pattern (2 wds.).	45 74 104 79 83 195 33 171 165 2 184
R. Richelieu was a "Red" one, his secretary, de Tremblay, a "Gray."	118 88 13 6 84 152 65 158
S. The fenestra cochleae (2 wds.).	157 146 198 42 12 4 170 80 23 141 72
T. Ersatz.	102 44 140 10 176 50 82 130 56 47
U. Spreading ungracefully.	32 175 187 119 11 54 189
V. Narrow-necked bottles, holding 1 to 10 gallons, often encased in wicker.	40 135 127 192 70 81 86 123 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 C	2 Q	3 A		4 S	5 B	6 R	7 F	8 L	9 H		10 T	11 U	12 S		13 R	14 P
	15 L	16 D	17 H	18 G		19 M	–	20 B	21 D	22 C	23 S		24 K	25 E		26 D	27 J
28 B	29 L	30 O	31 M		32 U		33 Q	34 M	35 D	36 F	37 K	38 P	39 I		40 V	41 O	42 S
	43 J	44 T	45 Q		46 J	47 T	48 N		49 B	50 T	51 L		52 C	53 E	54 U	55 O	
56 T	57 K	58 O	59 L		60 A	61 B		62 E	63 G	64 N	65 R	66 L		67 M	68 O	69 B	
70 V	71 G	72 S	73 J		74 Q	75 A		76 M	77 L	78 J	79 Q		80 S	81 V	82 T		83 Q
84 R	85 F		86 V	87 P	88 R		89 B	90 O		91 N	92 M	93 P	94 O		95 M	96 I	97 A
98 V		99 E	100 A	101 O	102 T		103 E	104 Q	105 A	106 H		107 H	108 M	109 D	110 C		111 K
112 F	113 D		114 N	115 G	116 D	117 E	118 R	119 U	120 C		121 A	122 H	123 V	124 C		125 L	126 N
127 V	128 I		129 C	130 T	131 N	132 B		133 A	134 N	135 V		136 P	137 C	138 O		139 E	140 T
141 S	142 J	143 H		144 K	145 F	146 S	147 M		148 K	149 H	150 G		151 F	152 R	153 D	154 C	
155 I	156 D	157 S	158 R	159 K	160 J	161 M	162 A		163 M	164 H	165 Q	166 J		167 F	168 B	169 L	170 S
171 Q	172 I	173 K	174 A	175 U	–	176 T	177 C	178 N	179 J		180 N	181 E	182 K	183 A		184 Q	185 A
186 D	187 U		188 C	189 U	190 M		191 N	192 V	193 G	194 D	195 Q	196 E		197 C	198 S	199 B	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

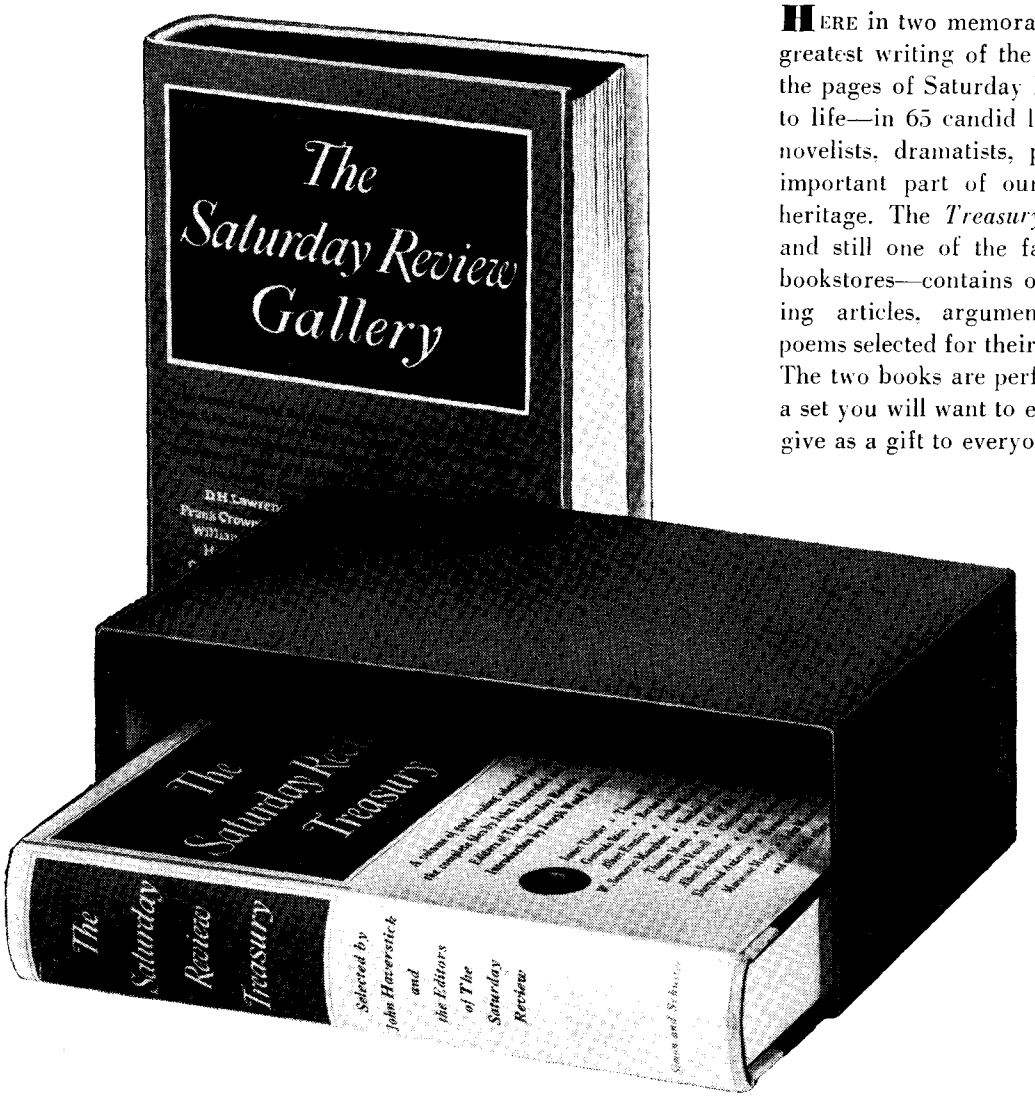
ONE OF THE GREAT LITERARY

Treasure Chests

OF OUR TIME

The Saturday Review GALLERY *and* TREASURY

—in a handsome boxed presentation set


The Saturday Review Gallery
The Saturday Review Treasury
Selected by John Haverstick and the Editors of The Saturday Review

HERE in two memorable volumes, is some of the greatest writing of the past 35 years—taken from the pages of Saturday Review. The *Gallery* brings to life—in 65 candid literary portraits—the great novelists, dramatists, poets whose works are an important part of our literary background and heritage. The *Treasury*—first published in 1957 and still one of the fastest-selling anthologies in bookstores—contains over 600 pages of outstanding articles, arguments, humor, memoirs and poems selected for their lasting interest and vitality. The two books are perfect library companions . . . a set you will want to enjoy and own yourself, and give as a gift to everyone who shares your tastes.

In handsome, boxed presentation set . . . $11.95
Each volume available separately $6.00

AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOKSTORE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED